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[THE WISH AND ITS FULFILMENT.]

DARCY'S CHILD;

OR,
THE DUKE'S CHOICE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"Sybil's Inheritance," "Evelyn's Plot," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIX.

Within these sacred shades, quoth she,
How dar'st thou be so bold
To tread earth consecrate to me,
Or touch this hallowed mould?

HOURS had passed away since the Duke of St. Maur had brought the summons for Sir Henry Greville's physician, and Rosalind's senses were strained to catch some news of Dr. Moore's return. But no sound broke the silence, and at length the wearied girl threw herself on a couch and sank into a doze that scarcely deserved the name of sleep.

How long it lasted she did not know, but when she at length opened her eyes the lights were extinguished, and only the pale beams of the wintry moon fell upon the objects in the chamber.

Among the most startling of these that met her view was a tall figure bending over her, which in itself was sufficient to inspire terror in far stronger nerves than a young and over-ried girl, when seen in far less startling circumstances than by the weird light of the queen of night.

It was Marston, the disfigured attendant of Lady Darcy, who was silently inspecting her, and Rosalind with difficulty restrained a shriek as the distorted features seemed nearly to touch her own fair face.

"What is it—what has happened?" she cried; but the woman pressed her finger on her lips.

"Hush, hush! Do not wake her," she whispered, pointing to an open door, which seemed to communicate with another chamber. "There is nothing, save the continued absence of Dr. Moore, to excite any alarm; but he has not yet returned, and I have a presentiment that some evil has happened."

"Perhaps he has met the duke, and accompanied him to Sir Henry," suggested Rosalind, though

her own restless nerves belied the assumed composure.

"Scarcely, since it appears he had gone in a totally different direction," replied the woman. "I questioned the servants, and it seems he was summoned to Malines, to some desperate case, but the train must have been in long since if all is well. He could not have met the duke."

"What can I do?" exclaimed Rosalind, starting up, now in full possession of her senses. "Was it to tell me this you came?" she added, catching the earnest gaze of the lashless eyes fastened upon her with a thrilling fixedness.

"Perhaps—that is, I came rather to forestall what may happen than to require any immediate service at your hands," returned the attendant, seating herself and drawing the girl down again on the couch from which she had risen. "There, calm yourself, for your energies may be tasked even more severely than they have been, and you need rest."

"Then what do you apprehend?" exclaimed the girl, half involuntarily obeying the commanding behest. "And—what do you require of me? Do not waste precious time," she added, impatiently.

"There need be no such haste," said Marston, calmly. "It will be hours possibly before any tidings come. But what I do want is your promise to act when occasion comes, and I perhaps may not be in the way to guide your conduct."

"If I can—that is, if I feel it is right," returned the girl.

"You speak truly. If I am correct in my opinion of you, there are few things which you would not risk if you felt it your duty to do so. But in this case you must be content to trust to me a little, since even I am not quite certain of the premises on which I am acting. Do you think you can find it in your heart to befriend a helpless woman, even if she had no claim on you of kith or kin?"

"Are you speaking of yourself or of Lady Darcy?" asked Rosalind, quickly.

"You may well ask, for in the eyes of one who is young and beautiful such a loathsome creature as I am must seem utterly alone and hopeless. But my sand is so nearly run out that whatever hap-

pens is of little account to me. Yes, as I lost all for a Darcy, I would willingly see its reward before I die; though that can never be—never."

"You speak in riddles to me," returned the girl. "What reward can you desire more than to see the house to which you are so devoted represented by its beautiful heiress, who will be married most probably to one who will even add to its honours?"

"Perhaps you are right, young lady. That was the reward I wanted, but as yet it has never come to my share. There was, or rather would have been the true and lawful heiress of the Darceys, fair and high born and good. It was in the endeavour to save her that I risked my own life and made myself the object you know me. Amine Darcy had high blood on both sides of the house, and, baby as she was, she well deserved a noble destiny."

"And she was burnt with her father? Poor child!" said Rosalind, pityingly. "Could no one save her?"

"No one. Yet it was a strange thing that no one was really burnt save Sir Robert and the child, unless indeed one counts a brute of a baboon, a pet of the little girl's. Some people declared the creature was seen afterwards, but I do not believe the story. It was one of a hundred marvellous tales that were circulated after the house was destroyed."

"Poor animal!" shuddered Rosalind. "It always seems to me doubly dreadful for dumb creatures like that to suffer. But why should you think that this little Amine would have been more worthy than Miss Darcy of her good fortune?"

"Because she was a true Darcy—even in her babyhood," said Marston, firmly. "This girl is like her mother, weak, frivolous, and silly. Yet my heart relents when I look at that ill-used creature, and it is for her I have come to plead."

"To plead? I do not understand you," said Rosalind.

"It is easily explained. For sixteen and more long years I have been her attendant. She has been left in my care, and, in spite of my contempt for her weakness, I have done my best to protect her from the scorn and indifference of her husband. Year after year she has pined and drooped, but not fast



enough for him—not fast enough for the partner of his sin, the haughty Lady Beatrice, and at last I believe the crisis has come, and if no one interfere she will be reduced to misery such as I shudder to think of."

Rosalind looked at the hard-featured woman, and inwardly concluded that it must indeed be a frightful fate that could bring such compassion from her heart.

"Go on," she said. "What do you want of me?" "I was coming to that but now," she resumed. "My own hours are numbered. The malady which was produced by that terrible fire has been slowly but surely at work, and ere long I shall hide this repulsive and loathsome face in the grave. I wonder," she said, after a brief pause, "whether, if the tales we are told are true, any one would know me when I rise from the grave unless I keep these frightful disfiguring scars."

"You will be happy then, whatever may be your appearance," returned Rosalind, gently. "That is surely the chief consolation the afflicted can know."

"Then you had better preach it to Lady Darcy when you have the charge of her. It is that to which I am coming," the woman returned. "What I have to say is this. I shall not live long—perhaps not many weeks or even days—ay, or my time may be counted by hours. When I am gone there will be no one to guard that unhappy creature, who will be even in more danger than at present, because Sir Ralph fancies she is safe with me, and takes less rigid and stern precautions on that account. Will you remain with her, take charge of her, and protect her, Rosalind Tyrell? Answer me truthfully, and Heaven will surely bless you if you consent to my prayer."

The girl looked bewildered. "I really cannot comprehend you," she said. "You must surely forget that it is out of my power to grant such a request, whatever may be my will. It must rest with Sir Ralph to make fitting arrangements and engage suitable attendants for his afflicted wife."

"But would you, if possible, fulfil this merciful duty?" asked the woman.

"I would do good wherever it was in my power," said Rosalind. "Yes, I do pity this poor lady too deeply to desert her, so long as she needed me, if I had the permission of her husband to wait upon her."

"That is well," replied Marston, "but in this case you must do it without his leave. Listen, Rosalind Tyrell: There is life, and more than life, at stake in this matter. The innocent are lying under a dark cloud, and the law of might prevails over right, where this doomed family are concerned. Ralph Darcy ought never to reign in his ancestors' halls, and the wealth of the St. Clairs was secured but in vain for the benefit of this unfortunate lady. It is your destiny to put this tangled web aright, and to work out a fate of which you never dreamed."

"I do not aspire to such ill-omened distinction," said Rosalind, coldly. "It would be enough for me to soften in any way this poor lady's suffering; the rest is for Heaven alone to bring out in its own time."

"Yes, and it will, but it must be by instruments," exclaimed Marston, gravely. "Miss Tyrell, what would you say were your own lost father in the case, and either you or any one else were to refuse a little exertion that might save him?"

"My father? I do not understand you!" almost shrieked the girl. "Do you know anything of him or his fate? If so, in mercy tell me! You cannot be so cruel as to keep it from me!"

"I? I know no more of your father's present fate than you do," replied Marston; "but while there is life—or, rather, where there is no certainty of death—there must be a shadow of hope. If he is in trouble and grief now would you not blame one who declined to restore him to his proper sphere and to full vindication of his innocence?"

Rosalind's eyes absolutely flashed fire in her excitement. The words of the lost Walter Tyrell himself returned to her mind with vivid force.

He had alluded to imputations—to clouds—to a slandered name.

Could this strange woman be in any measure connected with this mystery of his early life?

"Will you tell me what you wish—what you require of me?" Rosalind asked, hesitatingly.

"Time will show better than I can guide you," was the firm reply; "but what I can say, in general terms, is simply that I would draw from you a promise to protect and guard Lady Darcy in time of need—to stand between her and harm—to keep her even from her own husband, till he has an effectual barrier raised against his evil designs. Girl, you may prevent murder, or even more foul crimes, if you will dare this."

Rosalind sat with clasped hands, her eyes raised to heaven in fervent prayer for guidance, and her brain whirling with contending ideas and duties, and Marston was striving to read, ere they were spoken, the decisions which those feelings would

dictate, when a violent ring at the hall bell, then a kind of stifled cry, attracted the attention of both.

There was a low-toned and muffled confusion of voices, then a hurried running to and fro, and Marston at length started up and went to the door.

"I know the house better than you do," she said, signing to Rosalind to keep back. "I shall soon ascertain what is the matter, and return to you. But, girl, in any case, remember my words, and observe them as if they were a message from the dead—or the dying!"

Holding up her finger in warning, she left the room and closed the door behind her.

The silence that ensued was almost intolerable to the girl. Whatever had been the first hurry and confusion, they were either hushed or diverted to another channel, for a stillness as of death reigned over the whole mansion for the next hour.

Then Rosalind determined to avail herself of the gradually dawning light to steal from her room and seek some one who could give her some explanation of the disturbance. She remembered sufficiently the windings of the house, and even in that dim obscurity she managed to gain the large hall, and to find the door of the apartment where she had dined with Dr. Moore on the previous day. She opened softly the door, intending to ring the bell when once fairly within its precincts; but as she looked in a dark and dismal spectacle arrested her steps.

On a long table, in the centre of the room, lay, covered over with a large black pall, a dark object, whose form proved it to be a human being.

Rosalind forced herself to go forward. Even in that worse than darkness she would not yield to the terror that seized her—the wretched alarm that was the first instinct in her breast. She advanced to the table, and, steadying herself by one hand, prepared to lift the veil from the face of the corpse.

CHAPTER XX.

But love is such a mystery
I cannot find it out,
For when I think I'm best resolved
That I am most in doubt.

GERALDINE DARCY was gazing listlessly from the window of a house which commanded the Luxembourg Gardens, her fair young face resting on her hand, and the bright tears standing in her eyes. She had been for at least a week in that gayest of cities, Paris, and had been hurried about from one scene of gaiety to another.

Lady Beatrice and her father seemed to expect from her the joyous gratitude and the graceful dignity which befit the favoured maiden and the high-born heiress of an ancient line, in this new vortex of society and of brilliant spectacles to which they were introducing her.

But in vain. The young girl's heart was sad and anxious, though she would have been either ashamed or perplexed to define the cause.

Clinton St. Maur had lingered strangely in rejoining her, and a thousand fears and misgivings tormented her young heart on that score, while a still more defined and justifiable cause of anxiety was to be found in the mystery that hung over her mother's fate.

All the reply that was vouchsafed by Sir Ralph or Lady Beatrice on that point was simply that the invalid was under good care, and that the most effectual method for restoring her was to leave her entirely under the treatment of the physician to whose skill she was confided, and utterly apart from any interference of friends and relatives.

"Oh! if Clinton would but come, he would tell me the truth, and enter into my fears," sighed Geraldine as she looked half unconsciously on the stately trees and terraces that recalled the woods of England to her mind.

"Clinton is here, dearest," echoed a voice behind her.

And, starting round, she saw the figure of her lover standing close to her.

With a girlish impulse, she sprang into his arms like a clinging child nestling in the protection of one whom it trusted and loved rather than a fervent maiden with a lover.

So the duke understood it, and he released her from his arms the moment that she recovered her self-possession and raised her blushing face from his shoulder.

"I am so silly, Clinton," she said. "I am afraid you will quite despise me. Only I have been so wretched, and I thought you would never come."

"What has made my darling wretched?" he asked, half smiling. "Not my absence; I am not vain enough to think that."

She looked sadly into his face.

"I do not know, Clinton; I am afraid I shall quite forfeit your good opinion if I confess it all. I know I ought not to let you see all that I feel towards you; you will despise me as a little weak creature, and so I am. I am miserable when I have not you to depend on; then poor mamma is ill, and they

will not tell me anything about her. What can be the reason, Clinton?"

"How can I answer you, my pet?" he returned. "All that I can say is that there are cases where a patient is more easily managed by perfect strangers, and it may be so with Lady Darcy. Of course, she has her own attendant with her."

"What, Marston?" exclaimed the girl, shuddering. "Oh, yes, that dreadful-looking woman! Do you know I am sure she hates me, Clinton? She looks at me so sternly, as if I was an intruder. I once heard that she was never the same after the fire, when the poor little girl—my little cousin—was burnt. Yet certainly I could not help that when I was not even born then."

An April smile came over the tearful face, which the duke fully returned by an irrepressible laugh.

"It is but a fancy of my pet's," he said. "No one could help loving her, though there is perhaps a peculiar halo over the dead that gives to some minds a prejudice against those who occupy their places."

"Clinton," exclaimed the girl, suddenly, "do you know that I have often thought what a splendid heiress of Darcy that girl would have made who was so brave in the wood? I am certain that you would have fallen in love with her, Clinton. She was so much more fit for you than I am, and I could see you admired her so deeply."

There was a crimson flush on the young man's face as the young Geraldine spoke, and he hastily averted it from her, but not before she had caught its meaning-expression, and her own features wore a saddened look as she resumed:

"Are you angry with me, Clinton, for talking thus? But I have no one else to whom I can say what I feel, and I have sometimes been almost jealous of that beautiful, brave girl. I know she was so superior to me."

"Then you may dismiss all such fancies," he answered, fiercely. "She is as inferior to my pure darling, my lovely little pet, as a lurid comet is to the pure evening star."

Geraldine drank in the words as if they were music, though there was even to her inexperienced ears something strange and forced in the tone and the look which accompanied them, as well as the convulsive pressure of the small hand which she had laid upon his in her simple earnestness.

"Clinton," she said, suddenly, "have you seen Miss Tyrell since we left Mont Aspen?"

Again the tall-tale blood rushed over the young man's face.

It seemed almost treason to that fair young child-girl to breathe one word of what had transpired in that dreadful Brussels visit.

Yet falsehood had never yet stained his lips.

"Yes," he said, "I did see her at Lady Greville's, Geraldine. She was living with her for a time."

"Did she look very beautiful?" persisted the girl.

"Where is she now?"

"Two questions in one, *ma bella*," he answered, half playfully, striving to shake off the oppression on his spirits. "I had better give one answer. I do not know."

She shook her head.

"I do not believe you," she said, gently. "I am so certain you must admire her, Clinton. I do not doubt your honour, dear Clinton; but still I am so convinced you must be alive to Rosalind Tyrell's attractions, and I had rather you would tell me the truth."

"Then I will," he replied, vehemently. "I can tell you in all candour, Geraldine, that were Rosalind Tyrell in your place, were she heiress of Darcy, as nobly born as I confess her to be beautiful, I would not marry her—no, not if she had the dower of a princess."

A happy smile irradiated the girl's soft face.

"It is very wrong," she said, "very mean, yet I cannot help being glad to hear you say so, Clinton, for I have been foolishly jealous, I confess, of that beautiful Rosalind."

"Then dismiss her from your very thoughts, dearest," he said, tenderly. "It is a tale that need not sully your pure ears, but it is sufficient to say that she has forfeited even Lady Greville's protection, and I do not know even where she is at this moment."

"I will not ask, if you say I ought not to know," replied the girl. "There must be something very wrong for both you and Lady Greville to be so displeased with her. I hope I shall never vex you, dear Clinton."

The duke hated himself at the moment for the comparison he could not help drawing between the two fair girls who had come in singular contact before his mind.

He loved Geraldine Darcy without hypocrisy or affectation.

But with what kind of love?

Was it not rather with the brother-like fondness that protected and fostered a helpless child than the true and ardent and engrossing worship of a lover? Alas, alas! he knew in his inmost heart the tortur-

ing truth that, in spite of her worthlessness, her obscure birth, and repugnance to himself, his devotion was given to that Rosalind Tyrell who had incurred the instinctive jealousy of the heiress of Darcy.

Geraldine's innocent, child-like submission almost galled the proud nature that craved for sympathy in its nobler feelings and impulses which she could never even comprehend.

"You could never vex any one," he said, with a warmer impulse than he might have displayed had his conscience been clearer.

"Oh, yes, I do! I often make papa and Lady Beatrice angry," she said, naively; "but you see me as I am, Clinton, a simple, untutored girl. I have never deceived you."

How his heart smote him—poor Clinton! but he inwardly resolved that the trust of that fair girl should not be betrayed, and the kiss he printed on her white brow had as much of compunction as of tenderness in its warmth.

She sprang fearfully away from him, for at that moment the door opened and Sir Ralph entered the room.

"Ha, St. Maur! I am very glad to see you," he said, extending his hand cordially to his future son-in-law. "I was not altogether unprepared for your coming; but still it is not less welcome, as I have important matters to converse with you about. Geraldine, Lady Beatrice is waiting for you in her dressing-room," he added, graciously, nodding to his daughter, who fled from the room like a terrified fawn.

"I dare say you have heard the singular report which has but now reached me," he said, when the door had closed. "I hear that Greville and his wife have been nearly parted by the treachery of an ungrateful girl, and that he is dying in consequence."

"The news is not more exaggerated than is common," replied the duke, evasively. "The facts are simply that Greville was going rather ahead with his wife's *protégée*, and that he was thrown from his horse in riding with her. Whether it was poetical justice or not I cannot say. In any case he is in very decided danger, and I fear he will scarcely get over the accident for some time."

"Indeed; oh, I understood he was actually dying," returned Sir Ralph. "Was there not a Doctor Moore in attendance?"

"Yes; but the day before I left I called in another physician, as Moore disappeared, or, to speak more correctly, did not come as quickly as I thought necessary to the patient. Indeed, he had not put in an appearance when I left; but the fresh man gave rather more hope, and I procured a woman to attend on Sir Henry who seemed to understand the case. So, having done all that was possible, I came on here, according to your summons."

"Which you may be sure was not sent lightly," resumed Sir Ralph. "Yet, now you have come I feel a complete delicacy in what I wished to say."

"Was it relating to Miss Darcy—to Geraldine?" said the duke, hastily.

"In a measure. Yet I feel that it will be a sad test of your feelings when I tell you the real state of the case. The fact is, I have the very saddest accounts of Lady Darcy, and I actually dread the effect which the event that we must but too surely expect will have on my daughter. Whether my poor wife be taken from us by death, or by some worse fate rendered incapable of mingling again with her family, the result must in a great measure be the same. Geraldine will sink under the blow unless it is softened to her by now excitement."

He paused, and again Clinton's handsome face was suffused by a deep flush, which Sir Ralph affected not to see.

"Any arrangement that I can make, or assist in making, I shall gladly forward where Geraldine is concerned," was the rather constrained reply.

Sir Ralph took a turn up and down the room as if in uncontrollable agitation. Then he stood before Clinton St. Maur and surveyed him sharply.

"Duke, you craved of me long since my daughter's hand. She is young, rich, lovely, and good, and no unfit bride, even where the strawberry leaves are in her husband's gift to place on her brow. I told you then that I considered her too inexperienced in the world's ways, and that I wished the wedding delayed for a few months. Now circumstances have altered my feelings and judgment in the affair. It is for you to say whether yours remain the same."

Clinton felt as if a sudden thunderbolt had fallen upon his head. A stunned consternation, as if some terrible ordeal was being pressed forward as he had strength or courage to go through with it—a sickness as if some dear and secret hope of his heart was rent from its very core, mingled with the consciousness that it might be the surest way of saving him from dishonour and from misery.

If he was pledged to the sweet child bride he had chosen, the sooner his duty became imperative and irretrievably binding the better for his own safety and self-respect.

"You do me honour, Sir Ralph," he said, at last, "most true honour, in dealing so frankly with me. I will be as candid with you. I feel that in all such cases as ours the less delay that is possible in carrying out a settled betrothal the better for all concerned. And it is only my wish to make every arrangement for the welfare and comfort of my bride that could in any way influence me against your proposal. Suitable settlements and accessories would be impossible here, and I feel there is a want of fitness in such an omission."

"No—that is of no consequence," returned Sir Ralph. "It can all be done afterwards, and we shall have plenty of time to make the necessary settlements and legalities when we return to England. And remember, your grace, I am encountering far greater risks than yourself, since all my child's fortune will be yours."

"I never even inquired what Geraldine's fortune would be," said the duke. "It is enough for me to know that she is of birth suitable to my own, and as fair as well born. But, as my wife or widow, it would be a disgrace for me to omit any precaution for her suitable provision. Who can foresee how long life may last for any of us?"

"My dear duke, Geraldine has fifty thousand pounds from her mother, and I intend to give her on her marriage twenty thousand more; this will certainly make her independent of even a husband's liberality. And, unless I have by any extraordinary chances a son, she will inherit all the Darcy estates. I have obtained that grace from Her Majesty, and I should suggest that in the event of your marriage being blessed with more than one son you should have the baronetcy of Darcy reserved in his favour, and allow the property to be settled on him. But all this must be conditional and for future consideration. I more desired to show to you that it is rather on my own than on your side that the imprudence of a speedy marriage lies."

"I shall certainly forward to my lawyers a document that will serve as the basis of further arrangements," said the duke. "That being settled, I confess I can see no absolute objection to my happiness and Geraldine's safety being immediately secured. Are your tidings of Lady Darcy really very imminent, Sir Ralph?"

"I fear so. The physician writes word that her strength and even her faculties are rapidly declining. I intend to go at once, and most probably Lady Beatrice may accompany me, to ascertain her real state, and remain with her, if necessary, to the last. I think that, should it be possible, it might be better to accomplish the necessary preliminaries in a week, St. Maur."

Perhaps Clinton did recoil from this rapid approach of his irrevocable fate. Perhaps he did feel how hasty had been his choice of one on whom his whole future life would depend, and with whom his remaining years might be spent. Geraldine's childish beauty and innocence would pall on his sated senses.

And the lack of a companion, of a sympathizer, a counsellor, a support in the varied joys and sorrows of a fleeting life, would be a hopeless and galling sorrow which no wealth or rank could supply. But it was too late now.

The innocent girl must not suffer for his own rashness and inconsiderateness of action.

"Whenever you see right, Sir Ralph. I can but repeat that in any case Geraldine's happiness shall be dearer to me than my own. If you can prevail on her to consent to so hurried a marriage I shall do all in my power to reconcile her to trusting herself thus unexpectedly to a husband's care."

"Oh, that is a matter of course. Geraldine has been accustomed to make my will hers, and it will be sufficient for her that I think it right for her to enter into this matrimonial engagement to secure submission. And I thank you from my heart for your frank confidence in me, and the love it shows for my only child."

Sir Ralph, with a warm grasp of the young man's hand, virtually dismissed him from his presence by his concluding words.

"Perhaps you will see us again to-night, and by that time Lady Beatrice and I will have prepared Geraldine for receiving you as her wedded husband within the time I have mentioned for the bridal."

CHAPTER XXI.

The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight—
Where are those dreamers now?

MARSHA MARSTON had taken her way from Rosalind Tyrell's chamber with a calm and determined step, and descended the back staircase of the mansion, so as rather to avoid the scene of the commotion that had startled her and the young girl from their strange dialogue.

"Better not know," she said, after a quick, low question of a kind of hang-on who was gazing with horror-stricken face at the bottom of the stairs. "I can tell when I return; and it will but hinder my purpose."

She put on a large cloak and bonnet, and stole from the house with a rapid step that soon brought her from the precincts of the mansion to a turn in the road, where she plunged into a plantation that skirted the opposite path, and after a little more brisk walking she encountered the figure of a man who was lounging in the open space, in evident expectation of some one's arrival.

"Ha!—you have come then?" he said. "It is not easy to mistake you, Mrs. Marston, by any light, yet the morning is almost too obscure for any dangerous kind of recognitions."

"It is not very much more difficult, unluckily, to recognize you, Sanders," she said, with asperity; "and more especially in the old spirit that comes out in every word and look."

"Yes, and always will do so to the end of the chapter, Marston," he said, coolly; "it is not my way, you see, to change my nature for any one. If they do me an ill turn, I don't see why I should not have my turn in revenging it. And, as you perhaps guess, Marcus Darcy left on my brain as sharp and indelible a mark as he did on my shoulders on that memorable night."

"I don't quite understand you," she rejoined. "I have heard something of a quarrel between you on that night, but nothing of its nature."

"Then I will tell you," he said; "I will tell you. On the night to which I allude Marcus Darcy came to the gate of the Grange and demanded admittance. I knew him well, shabby and changed as he looked; but he had more than once galled and scorned me in his boyhood, and I determined to revenge myself on his proud head. I jeered at him, and refused him admittance. Then his blood fired up—like a Darcy's hot veins alone can blaze. He raised his long walking-cane, and laid it over my shoulders as if I had been a dog; and better for him if he had been one, for his life since has been one of remorse and misery and toil."

"His life? Why, I believed him dead long years since. It was so reported, and I did not doubt it."

"Perhaps; and it would not be the first time such things had happened as wrong reports," sneered the man. "However, all I have to say is that Marcus Darcy was living within a very few months of this time."

"Is he now?—is he living now?" she said, eagerly.

"Who can tell? It is said he was murdered," said the man, with a significant nod. "And it is not always safe to be wiser than others, or, at any rate, to confess to it."

"You can trust me where a Darcy is concerned, as these wretched features prove," said Marston, sighing. "Do you not know that I have lingered on near that weak woman and her child daughter, in spite of the imperious harshness of Sir Ralph and the insolence of his mistresses, only because it was the last branch of the doomed race—and I had no one else to care for—with a drop of their blood in its veins. Why, if that monster, in whom poor little Amine used to delight—that wretched baboon—were to appear before me, I would embrace it for her sake!"

"Humph! Well, that embrace might be a very fitting one," said the man, coolly. "There might not be any great harm done in either case. However, that poor brute has most likely been in ashes these seventeen years, though I did hear that he had been seen and taken care of. But all this is idle," he said, suddenly checking himself with an impatient start. "I did not want you to come here to talk about a baboon. What I wanted was to know whether you have really the pluck and the good faith to do me a service, and the house of Darcy a strange and startling change."

"I do not understand you," she said, doubtfully.

"First, then, tell me what you think of that girl who has just run away from the Grevilles to Doctor Moore's," he resumed.

"Do you mean what is my opinion of her, or of her looks?" asked Marston, suspiciously. "Do you mean that she is a Darcy—or has the features of one?"

"Well, that is jumping rather to a conclusion," laughed Sanders. "I consider her amazingly like the family, and I will trust you so far, Marston, as to tell you she is the reputed daughter of the man I believe to be—nay, whom I am certain is—Marcus Darcy."

"The reputed daughter! What do you imply by that?" asked the woman, sharply.

"I mean that it was nearly impossible for her to be his legitimate daughter, because his wife died in childbirth on the very night of the fire, and the child born to him was a boy, and buried with its mother. So much I know without a shadow of doubt. Yet this girl passed as his daughter, and as he himself occupied a very humble station under an assumed name there would naturally be very little speculation about it."

"Perhaps she is his child, but not lawfully," said Marston, doubtfully.

"It may be so—indeed, it is the only way in which I can account for it," he replied. "Yet it is to me

a strange thing for a man like him to risk. And the girl is too old for it to have been very long after the great shock he sustained. However, that must be ascertained, if possible, and you will be the only person who can do it."

"I?" returned the woman. "In what manner?"
"Your employment at Sir Ralph's is nearly at an end. The weak wife cannot last much longer, and the daughter is on the eve of marriage. It is the very moment for action. If you are honest in your devotion to the old blood, you will help me in my plans. If not, I will tell you no more. The name and the wealth will pass to strangers, and the curse rest on the name of Marcus Darcy so long as the tale is told of the destruction of the elder brother and his heirs."

"But why should you hesitate—why should you be the first to repent your own work?" asked Marston, suspiciously.

"Rest content, my good woman. I am taking care of myself, and, as I am the sole depositary of the mystery of Marcus Darcy's guilt or innocence, and of his very existence, you may well trust me to do nothing that will injure myself, as well as assist me in carrying out my plans."

"Well, on consideration, I will then," she said, after a pause. "My life is of no value to me, and I cannot see that it is to you. Only, I have a strange kind of interest in that young creature, whom I have left even now in a sort of guardianship of Lady Darcy in my absence."

"She shall be cared for; she will do well enough," returned the man. "Marston, you must ask no questions, but come with me, and at once."

"Where?" asked the woman. "Where?"
"That is just what I told you must be concealed. All I can say is that it is not to a place of danger, but to the side of a suffering man, that I am going to send you."

"To Marcus Darcy?" she said, sharply.

"Perhaps, I shall tell you nothing more. It might compromise me—ay, and ruin others also were I to even speak what is better only to be seen and acted upon. I will not even tell you the place or the direction in which you are going, only I pledge my word that no harm shall happen to you unless you bring it on yourself by treachery. One reason why it is better for you to disappear in this strange manner is to throw Sir Ralph completely off the scent, and also to make the road clearer for Rosalind Tyrol to remain in charge of his wife. Doctor Moore will be glad to replace you by so efficient an assistant."

"Doctor Moore?" repeated the woman. "Doctor Moore? Then you do not know—you have not heard that—"

But just at the instant the sound of a carriage on the road near by was heard, and Sanders drew the woman almost forcibly within the shelter of the thick plantation, and, after a few minutes' profound silence, the rustling of leaves and boughs and a suppressed whispering, which gradually died away in the distance, told that the confederates were leaving the spot.

Marston had been prevailed on to yield to the arguments of her companion either by compulsion or her own free will, but time alone could tell which engine had been used to carry his point.

(To be continued.)

DIARRHŒA AND CHOLERA.—Dr. A. H. Allshorn, of Dalston, has published some remarks on these complaints, from which we extract the following: First, then, of the means at our disposal to ward off diarrhœa and cholera. Excessive heat or cold, and particularly sudden transitions of temperature, are apt to bring on an attack of diarrhœa; therefore cold bathing to those who are unaccustomed to it should be avoided, and flannel should not be abandoned entirely during the summer months. Excessive or prolonged exercise, tending to exhaust the vital energy, renders the body susceptible to this as to other diseases. Protracted fasting, for the same reason, must be avoided. Overfeeding or eating quickly are frequent causes, and indigestible food generally. The articles which it is advisable for every one to abstain from are given below, to which may be added those that the patient has found by experience do not agree:—Fish of every sort, but particularly salmon and shell fish; all young fish, sucking pig, lamb, veal; ham and spiced meats; pastry and cheese; unripe or acid fruits, either raw or cooked (and no amount of sugar will destroy the gripping properties of these articles of food as generally supposed)—stone fruit is particularly dangerous; coffee, beer, ale, and spirits are prohibited if there is any tendency to the disease, and indeed they are best left alone at all times. Impure water is, perhaps, the most fruitful source of all intestinal derangements, therefore it behoves the careful housewife to have the cisterns all cleaned out often; if possible all water for drinking purposes should be filtered, and not allowed to stand exposed to the atmosphere in bed-chambers or inhabited rooms;

nothing can be more harmful, and, at the same time, more disgusting, than use for drinking purposes of water that has been exposed to the atmosphere in an open cistern or vessel for any length of time. Water absorbs air, and particularly the contaminations contained in it, the germs of disease, of putrefaction, and the noxious gases given off from the body; yet how frequently are cisterns placed in water-closets, how often people drink the water that has remained in the bed-rooms all night! Carbon is perhaps the best purifier of water, and I would suggest to those who cannot afford the expense of a carbon filter that they should keep a few pieces of charcoal tied in a muslin rag in the water bottle, which should be refilled at least every six hours, and excluded from the air of constantly inhabited rooms.

SCIENCE.

GALLIEN, A NEW DYE.—The crystals of gallien are first produced, and these are converted into gallin by means of zinc and dilute sulphuric acid. On subsequently treating the gallin with concentrated sulphuric acid at 200 degs. C., a substance named cobrulin is obtained. This dissolved in aniline forms a rich indigo blue, and with alkalies it gives a fine green, while, if mordanted with iron compounds, a fine brown is imparted to the goods. These colours are readily imparted to cloth, and are of considerable permanence, resisting the action of soap.

LEAD FOIL FOR BANDAGES.—Doctor Burggraefe, of Geneva, recommends this lead foil bandages, in cases of wounds and broken limbs. The sheets of lead are kept in place by adhesive plaster, and are said to offer the following advantages: 1. The lead remains soft and cool in contact with the wounds. 2. It enables the physician to dispense with lint, which is the constant occasion of heat and infection. 3. The sulphur compounds which form prevent the decomposition of the parts and growth of organisms. 4. After the bandage is made the wound can be washed and refreshed with cold water without removing it.

PRINTING ROLLERS FOR PHOTOGRAPHERS.—Soft and elastic rollers suitable for photographers' use can be prepared as follows:—Three parts of common glue are left to soften in cold water for two days, the pieces then removed and wiped with a dry cloth, then melted at gentle heat without any further addition of water, and one part of sirup, previously boiled, added, and the mixture well boiled; and when ready poured into a polished copper mould, the interior of which has been oiled, and in which is a wooden axle with handles on the ends, round which the glue will set. After it is removed from the mould it is washed with alcohol and left a few days to dry in the open air, then laid into a solution of tannic acid, rinsed with water, and again dried; the roller is then ready for use.

TESTING BY MEANS OF THE BLOWPIPE.—Sulphuret of sodium is one of the best blowpipe tests, if used in the following manner: First, a bead is made with borax and the substance to be tested, and this bead, having been made very fluid within the reduction flame, there is added to it some dry and pulverized polysulphuret of sodium, and the bead again heated in the reduction flame. If the substance under investigation can form a sulphoacid, there will be formed a soluble sulphosalt and a clear bead; but when no such salt can be formed, with lead, for instance, an opaque bead will be formed. Iron, lead, bismuth, nickel, cobalt, palladium, thallium, silver, copper, uranium, etc., fused in a bead of borax, to which, afterwards, sulphuret of sodium is added, will yield a black or brown coloured opaque bead; zinc yields a white opaque bead; cadmium, while yet hot, scarlet red, and yellow after cooling; manganese, a dirty chestnut brown; gold and platinum, a clear, transparent, mahogany brown bead; tin, a clear, transparent, yellowish brown bead; chromium, a green bead; arsenic and antimony, colourless clear beads; vanadium and iridium, blood red beads; a slight excess of the sulphuret of sodium is required, and the bead should be heated carefully but steadily, and with a good blast in the reduction flame.

IMPROVEMENTS IN ARMOUR-PLATED SHIPS, ETC.—John Moore Hyde, shipbuilder, has recently patented "Improvements in Armour-plated Ships, Forts, Fortifications, and Gun Shields," which he thus specifies:—These improvements refer to the preparation and application of steel plates for use for armour-plating ships, forts, fortifications, and gun shields; which I effect by taking steel plates made either by the Bessemer or other process, and hardening or tempering the external surface by water, oil, tallow, or other liquid or material, or other suitable means as ordinarily practised, so that the hardened surface shall resist or deflect all projectiles (more particularly when placed at an angle to the line of fire). The plates so prepared will be

malleable or soft on the inside or underside, and hard on the outside; but the plates may also be hardened and tempered throughout. The hardened steel plates may be used either singly or as external plates in compound armour, or on the back of or between ordinary steel or iron plates in compound armour—that is, when two or more plates are used—in which case the hardened or tempered steel plate would be placed between them, so that in a system of compound armour consisting of three plates the central or the inner plate should be the hardened or tempered plate; thus a projectile in passing through the first plate would have its force distributed over a larger surface by the resistance of the hardened plate.

DURABLE SENSITIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC PAPER.

At a recent meeting of the Berlin Photographic Society the President exhibited a specimen of silvered albuminized paper, the advantages of which are here explained.

In six ounces of distilled water is dissolved one ounce of nitrate of silver (free from acid), and in another similar quantity of water one ounce of chemically pure citric acid. When both compounds are completely dissolved in their respective liquids the latter is poured into the former, the combined solution being well shaken, and subsequently filtered. Finally, one ounce of alcohol is added.

It is quite sufficient if the paper is allowed to float upon the liquid for the space of a minute, or, at any rate, until it swims evenly upon the surface in all parts. Coagulated paper presents more brilliancy, when printed and finished, than that which is not coagulated.

Upon the purity of the citric acid depends the clearness of the bath, for if the acid is at all impure a grayish precipitate is formed—probably citrate of silver. At the same time, if this precipitate is filtered off, the results obtained are still of a favourable character. The bath will remain perfectly clear and transparent, even after considerable use.

The durability of the sensitive albumenized paper produced in this manner appears to be quite unlimited, for some sheets of the material which were prepared some nine months back are as white and fresh now as when first sensitized.

The advantages entailed by the employment of the citrate-silver bath are not to be despised, for, besides the convenience of always having sensitive paper ready at hand, there is obviously less chance of loss from the paper becoming yellow and useless during a lengthened period of unfavourable weather.

WILLOW-LEAF TEA.—It is announced, on excellent authority, that more than half a million pounds of willow-leaf were made up last season, and palmed off as green tea. The willow-leaf, as prepared, cannot be distinguished from green tea by the eye; but, to cover the difference in taste, it has to be mixed with tea before being sold. It can be produced at a cost of about twopenny a pound, and can be used in the proportion of twenty to forty per cent. of the whole mixture.

SIR JOHN STEPNEY.—Sir John Stepney, M.P., the last baronet created by Mr. Gladstone, though a Welshman, has still some connection with Ireland, having married more than half a century ago a daughter of the Hon. Robert Annesley. This lady lived but a year, and about two years after her decease he married Miss Murray, of Glenalla, in the county of Donegal. His second marriage took place forty-eight years ago, and the hon. baronet is now in his eighty-second year. The new baronet, when the last clause of the Ballot Bill was passed through committee last session gave the toast of the evening, "Mr. Speaker, I am a Welshman, and I now beg to propose 'Long life to the Ballot.'"

THE PALACE OF FONTAINEBLEAU.—The Palace of Fontainebleau was at a safe distance from the ravages of the insurgents, but was occupied during the siege by the Prussians. All the furniture, carpets, and state beds, the Gobelin tapestry and embroidered satin panels of the walls, had been previously removed. Not a chair was left for Prince Frederick Charles. It was given out that they had been sent to Paris, but they had all been secreted at Fontainebleau. The carved wainscoting was protected by planks of wood, and suffered no injury; and the Galerie Henri II., with its gorgeous ceiling, carvings, gilding, and paintings, after the glorious designs of Primaticcio, are all untouched. The historic carp of the lake, however, were not left unrequited. After the soldiers had eaten some thousands of these venerated and venerable fish, the prince forbade their being caught, and the old white specimens, said to be contemporaries of the Valois, who made the journey to Paris for the Exhibition of 1867, are still to be seen in high health, disputing with the swans the pieces of bread thrown to them, as vigorously as their younger brethren. The furniture and works of art are being reinstalled in the palace, and soon all will be again in its place, leaving no trace of occupation by the invader.



[THE PETITION.]

SWEET EGLANTINE;
OR,
THE STRANGE UNKNOWN.

BY THE

Author of "Evander," "Heart's Content," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XIV.

But all these charms are fled.
Sweet village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled and all thy charms withdrawn.

Goldsmith.

BEFORE Eglantine quitted the home of her childhood she wrote to her father. Truly she said that it cost her a pang of heartfelt sorrow to leave him and Stanstead, where she had spent so many pleasant years, and had enjoyed a happiness which she never expected to experience again. Up to the time of the opening of our story she had scarcely known an hour of real grief. Her life had glided along like a placid stream whose surface is undisturbed by a single ripple. Up to that time she had been simply and purely a child, a happy, innocent, thoughtless child, good herself, and doing good to others; but all at once she sprang from childhood into womanhood. The child became a woman, and her light-heartedness was cast aside for ever. She had taken up her cross, which she was in future to bear through this vale of tears, and the road was hard to travel. The rough stones hurt her feet. She felt weary, and would fain have laid down by the roadside had not events multiplied themselves and driven her onwards with a relentless and resistless energy which was fate.

To her father she wrote:
"Do not reproach me with disobedience. It is your voice that has driven me from my home. I have thought it best that I should go amongst strangers for a time. Rest satisfied, my dear father, that I am in worthy society and honestly gaining a livelihood by the exercise of those talents with which nature has endowed me and the accomplishments I have acquired through your kindness and generosity. At present I shall not let any one know my address, though I may say I am going to London. It will be useless to advertise or search for me, as I shall change my name. Do not give way to despair. Fight your enemies with a courage worthy of your good cause. I feel that you will be braver without me by your side, because they will try—as they have done—to wound you through me. When I am away, and in security, they will lose the power of tormenting you in my direction. If you wish to communicate with me address to the General Post Office, and I will call for the letters. Believe that I love you in spite of your

harsh treatment latterly and the unkind words which have driven me away from you for the present. That Heaven may watch over and protect you, dear father, will ever be the prayer of your affectionate Eglantine."

Thinking it advisable to arrive in the morning in London, she passed that night at Stanstead. The first train started at half-past six. This she met, having with her only a travelling bag and some money which she had from time to time put by. It was not much, but sufficient for her wants, and, if she were fortunate enough to gain the situation she was going in search of, it would enable her to purchase enough to lay the foundation of a new wardrobe, it being impossible to take her old one with her.

It never occurred to her that she might not be eligible for the situation, or that it might be filled up when she arrived at Cavendish Square. The journal in which she had seen the advertisement was some days old, and the chances of success were against her. When she neared London a suspicion crept into her mind that events might not transpire as favourably as she could wish, and her heart sank within her. She would then have to own that she was defeated, and return to her father's house to be once more subjected to the persecutions of Leon, whom she now knew to be vindictive and remorseless.

On reaching the terminus a cab took her to Cavendish Square. The door of the house was opened in response to the driver's energetic knock and ring by a footman in decorous black, who bowed politely to Eglantine.

"The general is not in, miss," he said. "Do you wish to see Miss Constantia?"

"If you please I—I have come in answer to an advertisement," said Eglantine, timidly.

"Oh, that's another matter," said the domestic, his former air of respect vanishing as he found she was not a visitor. "I don't know whether the engagement's filled up or not; I don't exactly think it is, though we've had dozens after it. I'm sure it's been quite one man's time to open and shut this door. The fact is, master's very difficult to please. Some are too old, some too young, others too noisy, others again too quiet, so there you are. Perhaps you'd better see Mrs. Manners, the housekeeper, miss. The general won't be long before he's back, but Mrs. Manners can tell you more than I can about the situation."

"Thank you," answered Eglantine. "I should like to see Mrs. Manners very much, if I may. Will you kindly direct my cabman to wait?"

The servant spoke a few words to the driver, then conducted Eglantine through the hall and a

long passage to the housekeeper's room, which was chiefly remarkable for a number of cupboards, containing linen and household stores of various descriptions; a few flowers stood on the window sill, and the window being open a pleasant fragrance was borne into the room. Sitting at a table, with a pen and ink and a ledger before her, Mrs. Manners was making up her weekly accounts. She seemed to be of an uncertain age. She might have been fifty, then again if you had said she was sixty you would have excused yourself from exaggerating. Her face was kind, and her nature benevolent. When she heard from the footman on what errand Eglantine had come she offered her a chair and looked steadily in her face.

At this juncture Eglantine experienced a great trial. For the first time in her life she had to stoop to deception. If she told the truth about herself her father would be communicated with, and she would have to go home again. It was clearly impossible that she could be candid to that extent if her plan of supporting herself at a distance from her friends were to be carried out.

She grew red in spite of herself under the steadfast gaze of Mrs. Manners, who, feeling satisfied, presently desisted from the scrutiny, saying:

"The situation of governess-companion is still vacant, miss. I beg your pardon, did you give me your card?"

"I have no card," answered Eglantine, "I am sorry to say, but my name is Langley, Eglantine Langley."

"A pretty name and a pretty face. Well, what are your accomplishments? Music and the rest, I suppose. We do not require any great profundity. What we want more than anything else is a nice companion for Constantia, that is Miss Tahourdin's Christian name."

"Then this house is General Tahourdin's, and if I be successful in my application it is his daughter I shall have to teach?"

"Precisely. Have you been in a situation before?"
"Never. This is my first essay in teaching. I can play you something to show my proficiency in music, and I have some drawings with me. Shall I translate some French, or—"

"That is unnecessary, thank you," replied Mrs. Manners. "I will take it for granted that you are duly qualified or you would scarcely have the assurance to come here and offer your services in the capacity in which you desire to be engaged. I was thinking that if you had already been in a situation I could inquire respecting your character in the usual manner, but as that is out of the question under the

circumstances of course you can give me a reference?"

"I am sorry to say I cannot," answered Eglantine, firmly but sadly.

"No?" said Mrs. Manners, in surprise. "How then do you suppose I can recommend you to the general on his return home as a fit and proper person to be engaged as a companion to his daughter? Have you no friends?"

"Only my father."

"Well, who could you have better? Give me his address, and I will write to or call upon him if he lives in London."

"I cannot do that either," Eglantine said, still more sadly.

"This is very strange," exclaimed Mrs. Manners, eyeing her suspiciously, and Eglantine felt her do so though she did not raise her eyes. "Have you run away from home?"

"Yes."

"Why, may I ask?"

Eglantine made no answer.

"I sincerely trust that you have done nothing wrong," Mrs. Manners continued. "Your appearance at first prepossessed me very much in your favour, but this reticence I cannot approve of. Either you must be more candid with me, or I must request you to take your leave."

Eglantine rose, but her forlorn situation and the disappointment she experienced affected her so much that she burst into a flood of bitter tears.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "what shall I do? I did think I could in return for my services obtain a shelter for a time! What will become of me?"

"Be calm, my dear child," said Mrs. Manners, whose sympathy was aroused. "I have every inclination to assist you, but one cannot take nobody knows who into the house. Come, ask yourself, should I be doing my duty to my employer if I did?"

"No, you would not," answered Eglantine, checking her grief. "Yet I cannot tell you all you want to know."

"Tell me a part then. Why did you leave your home?"

"Because I was so wretched, and I thought dear papa would get on better without me for a time; and—and he wished me to marry some one I do not like and can never, never love," she rejoined, with energy.

"Oh! I begin to see into your case," Mrs. Manners remarked. "It is a love matter, eh? What is your father?"

"He is a private gentleman now, living in the country."

"Have you any friends in London?"

"None. I came up, oh! a great many miles this morning, hoping to get this situation. I did not think there would be so many difficulties in the way. I do not understand the world, although you seem to think that I am wicked and designing."

"Could you mention no one to whom I could refer, in however casual a manner?"

"I cannot, indeed. All who know me would tell my father, and he would travel to the four corners of the earth to bring me back, though I have written to tell him I shall be with respectable people, and that I will come back when his troubles are over. Oh! do please engage me—please, please do! I will be eternally grateful to you. I have rich and influential friends really, and perhaps some day it may be in my power to show my practical appreciation of your kindness."

She fell at Mrs. Manners's feet, clasping her hands in hers, and looking up in her face with streaming eyes, crying:

"Oh! do, do; please, please do!"

Mrs. Manners was perplexed.

She had taken a great fancy to Eglantine, but her sense of duty told her she was scarcely doing right to engage a young lady as the companion of her master's daughter under such vague, if not suspicious, circumstances.

"Get up, my dear; do not kneel to me," she said. "I am not supreme here. You must recollect that I am only the housekeeper, and I see candidates for the situation to save the general the trouble. He saw all who came the first day, though he soon got tired of it, and he said to me, 'Pick out the best of the bunch, Mrs. Manners, and let me see them, but do not bother me with those who are not at all likely to suit.'"

"He will attend to your recommendation?" urged Eglantine.

"To some extent. Perhaps you had better see him."

There was a knock at the door.

"Come in," said Mrs. Manners.

The door opened and General Tahourdin entered. His manner was more cheerful than was his wont, and, removing his hat with a deferential bow, he exclaimed:

"I beg pardon for intruding upon your privacy, Mrs. Manners. They told me that you were closeted with a young lady who had come after the situation we advertised, and I was anxious to assist at your deliberations, for the applicants are becoming fewer, and if we delay much longer or be too fastidious we may not obtain any one at all, and have to advertise again. Who is this young lady?"

"Miss Langley, sir," rejoined Mrs. Manners.

"Yes," he said, stroking his moustache, "a very amiable young person, I have no doubt. Can you tell me anything about her?"

Eglantine had contrived to turn round and dry her eyes. She now anxiously awaited Mrs. Manners's response, and the way in which the general would receive the meagre communication she had to give him.

"Not much, sir," rejoined the housekeeper. "Miss Langley will not tell me anything about her family. All I can learn is that she has run away from home because she would not consent to marry a man she disliked."

"A very sensible course too," exclaimed the general, with a smile. "I remember that I, when a young man, had a quarrel with my father and elder brother. They stopped the supplies, and, finding I was penniless, I became a sailor of fortune, shipping before the mast in one of Her Majesty's vessels of war. But," he added as his face clouded, "that is not a very pleasant reminiscence for me, and we will not dwell upon it."

He paced up and down the room for a short time in an agitated manner, and, stopping short close to Eglantine, said:

"I like your face, Miss Langley. I think your character is written on it, and if you have no objection I will engage you for three months. Mrs. Manners will settle details with you, such as hours of labour and salary. Don't think me an old stupid for thus deciding hastily in your favour. I have travelled in many lands, and I consider myself a judge of character. I am a face-reader, and I pride myself upon it."

"I cannot find words, sir, to express my sense of gratitude at your kindness," said Eglantine, inclined to cry again, this time out of pure joy.

"Don't thank me. I don't know that you will have such an easy time after all. My daughter is woefully ignorant and backward for her age; though, mind you, I pay you a great compliment by placing her in your charge, for I love my girl as I love my life, or—"

He paused abruptly.

"You were going to say, sir—" began Eglantine.

"My revenge. That was it. I love my girl as much as I do my revenge. I stopped short because I thought it would seem to you such an odd speech. But you do not know my history, young lady," answered General Tahourdin, with a grim smile.

"I will do my very best for your daughter," said Eglantine, "and if assiduity and earnestness, with some little skill in teaching, which I have acquired in Sunday and parish schools, will effect the desired amendment, I can promise you they will not be spared."

"Of that I feel assured. Mrs. Manners will attend to your wants and introduce Constantia to you—that is my daughter. I shall expect to see you at dinner, as you will form one of my family circle. For the present, good-bye."

He made another bow, and left the housekeeper and Eglantine together, the former overwhelmed with surprise, the other overjoyed with her good fortune.

CHAPTER XV.

I am able now, methinks—

Out of fortitude of soul I feel—

To endure more miseries. *Shakespeare.*

"WELL, my dear," said Mrs. Manners, "you are very lucky. The general is a peculiar man, and I never saw him take so before to any one. You are one in a thousand."

"I am very glad to think so," answered Eglantine, "and I feel that I have much to thank you for. May I ask a few questions about the general? In the first place, is his wife alive, and has he any other children but Constantia?"

"I know perhaps more than most people do about General Tahourdin," exclaimed Mrs. Manners, "for I was in the service of his father and his brother. The Tahourdins were always an eccentric race; they would rather do anything that had to be done in a way different to other people. He, like his father, is proud and haughty, terribly passionate when angered, a kind friend and patron, but implacable in his resentment. He loves to talk about his revenge."

"Has he had any great wrong done him in early life?" asked Eglantine.

"It is more than probable, though he is very reti-

cent about his early career. I happen to know, however, that he quarrelled with his father, and gave up his position to go abroad. He was not seen for some years in England, and then only when his father and elder brother were dead, and he could claim the property which was his by right. I have heard that his independent conduct made him suffer much from want, and that he had to serve as a sailor in order to get out to a foreign country."

"How dreadful!" said Eglantine. "Fancy a gentleman reduced to the position of a common sailor. What hardships he must have gone through!"

"There is no doubt that he did," rejoined the housekeeper, "and it is the remembrance of those sufferings which has embittered a naturally kind disposition. Though he has his gloomy fits, he can be good-natured, and generous to a fault; he is even merry at times, and to his daughter he is devotedly attached. You asked me if Miss Constantia was his only child. She is the only one living. He lost a favourite boy at sea. The ship was wrecked, and though the mother, father, and sister were saved, with a few others, the bulk of the passengers and crew were lost, and with them the general's son."

"Indeed!"

"Mrs. Tahourdin is a Creole, which accounts for the dark olive complexion of Constantia and her capricious disposition. What is remarkable is that the general can have had but little enjoyment in his wife's society, as she is a deaf mute. They say that she was the daughter of a wealthy planter, and that the general married her for her money before he heard of the death of his father and brother, which followed one another with remarkable rapidity. Mrs. Tahourdin never goes out or receives company, and the general is always immersed in business, though what he occupies his mind with nobody knows; he is very mysterious in some things."

"What a singular household! Excuse me for saying so," Eglantine ejaculated, involuntarily.

"All is very quiet and respectable," rejoined Mrs. Manners, with a tinge of displeasure in her tone, her communicativeness ceasing immediately. "But I have kept you talking long enough. You must want to take off your bonnet and shawl. Is your luggage in the hall?"

"I have only a carpet-bag which is in my cab. Here is my purse. Will you kindly ask one of the servants to pay the fare, and—"

Mrs. Manners gently pushed her hand away, saying:

"Leave that to me."

A few words to a servant and she led Eglantine upstairs and showed her a bedroom which was to be appropriated to her use. The bag contained nothing but necessities, and Eglantine was in despair when she thought of appearing at dinner in the evening in a morning dress; but Mrs. Manners set her fears at rest by offering to lend her anything she might require.

"I have a very large wardrobe, Miss Langley," she said; "for in my position I have many presents made me. Dresses and other things have been given me by Mrs. Tahourdin, Miss Constantia, and ladies who have visited them in the country, for we sometimes go into the country in the autumn, and it will be very strange if in all my collection I cannot find something that will suit and fit you."

In fact, Mrs. Manners was as successful as she could wish. Eglantine selected a quantity of things for which she wanted to pay, but Mrs. Manners would not hear of this. She would lend or give but not sell them, so Eglantine overwhelmed her with thanks, made her toilet, and was conducted to a boudoir which was exclusively Miss Constantia's. Her mamma had a suite of apartments devoted to her own use, from which she seldom emerged, though she honoured the dining-table with her presence on about three or perhaps four occasions a week.

If Mrs. Tahourdin had ever possessed charms for the eye of a European, it must have been in the remote past. Her affliction had rendered her vacant and dull in expression, but her features were regular, and she sat at the head of the table like a statue in bronze, occasionally making a few rapid passes with her fingers, which were easily interpreted by her husband and daughter and responded to.

Constantia was small and very dark; her disposition was sombre and spiteful. None could call her an amiable or engaging girl, and her intelligence did not seem to be of the highest order. Still she was capable of entertaining a strong affection for any one to whom she took a liking. Her great fault was an utter and complete laziness, which rendered every study distasteful to her, and made her lamentably ignorant at an age when a girl is supposed to be budding into womanhood.

She was much alone, her mother being able to afford her little or no companionship, and her father being either frequently from home or occupied during a great deal of his time. She had all the faults of

her own countrywomen, and had few of the virtues of Europeans. If we compare her to a delicate hot-house flower we shall not be far wrong. When her wants were not quickly attended to by the servants she would cry with vexation and rage, her temper being capricious and her manner imperious.

Eglantine was ushered into her presence by Mrs. Manners, who said:

"This is Miss Langley, who is to be your companion and governess, miss. Shall I leave you together?"

"If you please," answered Constantia, who was reclining on a sofa.

Eglantine advanced and extended her hand as she exclaimed:

"I hope we shall be good friends."

"Perhaps," rejoined Constantia, with a yawn. "Do not ask me to shake hands, it is too hot for that, and in this country you take so few precautions against the heat."

"As you please," Eglantine answered. "Shall we commence our studies to-day? Perhaps it will be as well for me to ask you a few questions so as to see how proficient you are, and we can begin work actively to-morrow."

"Yes. I cannot be bothered now, I am not in the humour. Just now I tried to play something, but it was so difficult that I gave it up in disgust and was crying with vexation before you came in. In fact, I shall expect you to be more of a companion than a governess, for I am not used to control or hard work. Will you give me my handkerchief from the table?"

"Certainly not," answered Eglantine. "You must pardon me for saying that I am not your servant, and I should lose all chance of acquiring any authority over you if I were to act in a menial capacity at your bidding."

Constantia opened her eyes with astonishment. Accustomed to be flattered and obeyed by every one, she could not understand this display of spirit and independence.

"I am afraid," she said, "that you are a very disagreeable person, and I shall tell my papa that I do not like you and that he had best send you home again."

"Do as you please in that respect. It is to be hoped that the general will have more discretion than to listen to your childish complaints. I trust you will like me in time. If you do not I cannot help it; we may get on better if there is no friendship between us. Understand one thing, Miss Tahourdin. If I tell you to do a thing I will have it done, and I am persuaded your papa will support my authority. Now, just to show you that I am not to be trifled with, you will oblige me by going to the piano at once and practise the piece you say troubled you this morning."

"Impossible," answered Constantia. "I am resting myself to bear the fatigue of a drive in the park; the carriage is ordered at two."

Eglantine went to the door, locked it, and put the key in her pocket, saying, resolutely:

"I am sorry to interfere with your arrangements, but you will not leave this room until you have done as I wish you."

"Are you in earnest?" asked Constantia, to whom such discipline as this was totally new.

"You will find me very much in earnest. I have undertaken the duty of improving you, and I shall not shrink from my task. You will please obey me without any farther demur."

As she spoke she opened the piano, placed on the rest some music she saw on a chair, and arranged the stool. Constantia, to her astonishment, found herself rising and sitting down at the piano. She was conquered at the outset by the other's will.

"Which is the difficult part?" said Eglantine.

"This, with all the sharps and flats. It is so difficult when the notes go above and below the lines."

"Play as well as you can, and I will go over it afterwards for you."

Constantia did so, saying:

"If I do I shall hate you for it and ask papa to send you away."

"Never mind that. Go on if you please, and if you make any similar impertinent remarks I will make you play the piece twice instead of once. I always keep my word, and if I set you a task rest assured you will not be allowed to leave the room till you have completed it. I wonder you at your age are not ashamed of your laziness and ignorance."

The performance was slovenly and ill executed, but Eglantine placed her fingers on the right keys and made pencil marks near some of the notes for her guidance, and when she made a mistake she obliged her to play the passage over again, three and even four times, so that an hour passed quickly and then another, at the end of which time Constantia had perfectly mastered the piece.

"There!" said Eglantine. "You see what a little perseverance and attention can accomplish."

Constantia rubbed her hands together, for her fingers and wrists ached, and looked sullenly at the door which Eglantine unlocked.

"It's two o'clock," she said. "How quickly the time has passed. It does not seem twenty minutes since we began."

"Time always passes quickly and agreeably to those who have some occupation. It is idleness which is so wearisome to body and mind," Eglantine rejoined.

There was a knock at the door, and General Tahourdin entered the room.

"You have lost no time in setting to work, Miss Langley," he said, adding: "How do you like your new friend, Constantia?"

"Miss Langley and I will never be friends. She is much too strict and formal to please me," answered the spoilt and vicious girl. "The other governess I had was much more to my liking."

"Yes, because she let you have your own way in everything; from her you learnt nothing."

"If you love me, papa, you will have her back again instead of this one."

"When you have occasion to allude to me, Miss Tahourdin, you will oblige me by addressing me by my name, or I shall not neglect to punish you for your ill-breeding," said Eglantine.

"Excellent!" cried the general, smiling. "This is the sort of lady you require, my dear. Now, what have you been doing this morning?"

"Practising till my hands ache. I would not have done it if she—I mean Miss Langley—had not locked the door, and refused to let me out till I did what she told me. It was that piece I tried to play to you yesterday."

"Can you accomplish it now?"

With some pride Constantia sat down, and went through the piece without a mistake, in excellent time, and with appreciation and feeling.

"Capital! I will make you a present of the coral beads you have so long wanted as a reward for your good conduct, and, understand once for all, that though I love you dearly I shall for your own good refuse to listen to any complaints you may make about Miss Langley. I am persuaded she is conscientious and thoroughly competent to manage you. I place you entirely in her hands, so the sooner you realize the fact the better it will be for all parties."

Constantia was ready to cry with vexation. The general spoke a few complimentary words to Miss Langley, as Eglantine was now called, and went away.

Constantia became gracious enough to ask Eglantine if she would accompany her to the park in the carriage, but she declined, thinking it best not to be too familiar with her pupil.

"Do not be cross with me," Constantia said; "I am beginning to like you better, but you must remember I have always had my own way."

"So much the worse for you," rejoined Eglantine. "All that is over now, though you will not find me so very strict as you seem to imagine. I hope you will enjoy your drive."

Ringling for her maid to assist her to dress, the heiress, for such she was, being entitled to her father's and mother's wealth, begged Eglantine to make what use she liked of her boudoir, her books and music—a permission which she availed herself of.

Now she had an opportunity of observing the apartment, which was a miracle of taste and costliness. Flowers, pictures, aquaria, handsome furniture were scattered about, but a general untidiness and want of design pervaded everything, showing that Constantia had little or no method. The books were classics and novels—the former untouched, the latter well thumbed, as if they had been read more than once.

At half-past two Mrs. Manners sent in some lunch on a tray, and in the evening Eglantine appeared at dinner, sitting opposite Constantia, who afterwards tried to teach her the deaf-and-dumb alphabet, so that she might converse with Mrs. Tahourdin. Eglantine in time made considerable progress, and in a month became proficient.

Her life was not so intolerable as she had imagined it would be. Constantia came to regard her with profound friendship, simply because she was firm with her, for she had despised her previous governesses on account of their weakness.

The general's fondness for Eglantine increased daily, and he once said:

"I feel, Miss Langley, since you have been in the house that Heaven has blessed me with two daughters."

A great compliment this, coming from such a man, and one which Eglantine did not fail to appreciate.

CHAPTER XVI.

Ah! distinctly I remember, 'twas in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.

Poe.

CAPTAIN PASSINGHAM was profoundly grieved at his daughter's flight. In vain had he instituted a

search in all directions for her. To him it was an additional blow, and he attributed it entirely to the successful malice of his enemies.

He wrote to the post-office in London, reproaching her with her conduct, and she replied, telling him she was well and happy, assuring him of her love and unaltered affection, and begging to be informed from time to time if he had extricated himself from his difficulties, as she would rejoice when she thought she could do so advantageously to both of them.

His law-suit went on slowly. The case was opened in the Rolls Court, and there was a decree against him. From the decision of the Master of the Rolls Captain Passingham appealed to the Lords Justices, gaining time and spending money, but scarcely doing himself good.

Leon was as much annoyed at Eglantine's mysterious absence as the captain, and absolutely refused to believe the latter when he said that he did not advise the step and knew nothing about it.

Eglantine had by her admirable conduct, her good behaviour, self-control, ladylike and cheerful demeanour, made so favourable an impression upon the little household of General Tahourdin that she was regarded as indispensable to the limited circle. Mrs. Tahourdin could talk freely to her by means of signs.

Constantia improved not only in her studies but in her demeanour, which is more important than anything else to a young lady, and the alteration in their daughter was so marked as to fill her parents with joy.

So passed four months; autumn had gone, and chilling winter with its frosts and snows was at hand. With it was destined to come a change in the aspect of affairs which would render Eglantine's position a little less comfortable and secure than it had been.

It was in the beginning of December, when it is dark at half-past four in the dense atmosphere of London. Constantia had gone up to her mother's apartments. Eglantine was sitting in an arm-chair in a corner of the boudoir, half hidden by the heavy moreen curtain which draped the window. The fire had nearly burnt itself out, but the embers flickered and cast shadows on the hearth-rug. She was half asleep and half awake, for the dulness of the weather affected her, so did her own thoughts. During the day she had worked very hard with Constantia—teaching is much harder work than learning be it remembered—and she thought that she had earned the right to be lazy for half an hour before dinner, and indulge in one of those pleasant naps which ladies know how to appreciate occasionally.

How long she had remained half asleep, half awake she did not know. She was roused by General Tahourdin's voice, saying:

"Come in here, will you? This is my daughter's boudoir, but there is no one here, and we do not want a light to discuss what we have to say to one another. The glimmer of the fire is enough for us."

"Quite," replied the voice of a second man.

Eglantine started. She knew that voice but too well. It was that of Everard Bourne. At any other time and under any other circumstances she would have got up and said:

"You are mistaken, General Tahourdin. You are not alone here."

Now she considered herself to some extent justified in remaining quiet; not because she wanted to listen to their conversation—far from it. What she feared was a recognition on the part of Everard Bourne, which would destroy her quiet and happy home in all probability.

So she shrank back and hid herself under the shelter of the heavy curtain, breathing as gently as possible, and placed her hand on her heart to still its palpitations, for that it should beat violently when in the presence—unexpected as it was—of Everard Bourne was only natural.

There was but a flickering light, sufficient to enable them to find seats and shut the door, and the general was the first to speak.

"I received your letter from Portsmouth," he said, "excusing yourself from attending the monthly meeting of the companions of the Iron Cross on the score of expediency. You said you were on the eve of making important discoveries."

"That is perfectly true, and I have made them," answered Everard Bourne. "You replied to my letter, directing me to call upon you at your private residence and not at the head quarters of the order. I am here."

"I am highly pleased with your diligence and discretion," said the general.

"In the first place I have ascertained that all the witnesses who could exculpate Captain Passingham from the charge of fraud which you wish to establish against him are dead."

"That is good."

"Jonas Fisher, once purser of the 'Sea Horse,' is, as you imagined, his deadly enemy, and will for money swear anything you like. He has certain facts of an incriminating nature at his fingers' ends, but I must say that I think, were other people alive, that the captain would have no difficulty in proving his innocence, though in their absence the case looks very black against him."

"It is not with Passingham's innocence but his guilt we have to deal," cried General Tahourdin, sternly.

At this mention of her father's name, and the way in which Evarad Bourne spoke of him, a fierce indignation burned in Eglantine's breast, and she listened attentively.

What extraordinary revelation she was about to overhear she could not conjecture, but that something of the utmost importance respecting her father was coming to her ears she could not doubt for an instant.

(To be continued.)

SUCCESS OF THE EXHIBITION.—Such has been the great financial success of the exhibition that it has been resolved that in 1872 the season tickets to the general public shall be reduced to two guineas each, instead of three guineas, as at present. *A propos* of the exhibition, one of the most wonderful of the inventions there is nothing else than a clock facing the Exhibition Road, designed by Mr. Whiteside Cook, of the Inner Temple. It is driven by water power, and requires no winding. A continual supply of water at the rate of four gallons per hour is all that is necessary. The clock is equivalent to an eight-day church clock. The works are very simple, and an economy of fifty per cent. is said to be effected in the cost of manufacture.

"ON OTHER THOUGHTS INTENT."—A man on horseback observed a great crowd recently waiting to see Mr. Gladstone go into the railway station. Pushing his horse into the midst of the mob, he sat staring intensely. Some Conservatives, observing his profound contemplation, and that he had dropped the bridle of his horse to clasp his hands in applause, unloosed the saddle-girth, and supported the saddle with two posts; then gently drew out the horse. The fellow did not perceive his loss till after Mr. Gladstone had gone, then wishing to spur his horse out of the crowd, he fixed a spur in his own leg, and fell headlong in the mire, discovering what the dreadful Conservatives had done for him. They laughed, and said he was like the Premier, as he retained his seat, and had lost the animal he once so proudly rode—the people.

THE RIGHT TO POISON CATS.—A gentleman, evidently of strong feline antipathies, residing in Edgbaston, was summoned by his next-door neighbour to the Birmingham Police Court for having exposed poisoned food in his garden for the destruction of life, contrary to the statute. The particular offence alleged was that the defendant had placed upon his lawn two pieces of fish covered with strychnine, which had been the cause of death of two favourite cats of the plaintiff, not sufficiently versed in chemistry to detect the doctored of the bait. Defendant's answer was, in substance, an acknowledgment of the poisoning, but a denial of its illegality, on the ground that the land on which the poisoned fish was laid was enclosed. It seems that, although the statute is very severe upon persons who sow or expose poisoned grain or seed, or place poisoned meat in fields and open lands, the prohibition does not extend to enclosed gardens. The bench had no alternative but to decide in favour of the defendant and dismiss the summons.

PRESENTATION OF COLOURS.—New colours were on Saturday, the 19th of August, presented to the 103rd Royal Bombay Fusiliers by his Royal Highness Prince Arthur, at Parkhurst, Isle of Wight, where the regiment is now quartered. The ceremony took place in the presence of their Imperial Highnesses the Crown Prince and Princess of the German Empire, and was witnessed by an immense number of spectators. Prince Arthur, in presenting the colours, said—"Colonel Furneaux, officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of the 103rd Royal Bombay Fusiliers, in confiding these colours to you I feel that I am entrusting them to men who will defend them from disgrace even with their lives. Your fine old regiment has been in many fights and in most unhealthy climates, and you and your predecessors have earned for it a reputation which I trust will continue and increase. Should the occasion arise for your following these colours into action, think then of what your regiment did at Plassy, Mooltan, Goojerat, Ahmedabad, and in many other glorious actions, and I am sure you will try and do the same, and will nobly protect your colours. But should, as we all trust, the blessings of peace be for some time longer secured to us, let that valuable time be employed in such earnest endeavours to perfect ourselves in the more active pursuits of our noble profession that we shall have officers capable of leading men who will be proud to

follow them, and who will continue to merit the approbation of the Sovereign and the esteem of their fellow-countrymen." (Loud cheers.) Colonel Furneaux, on behalf of the regiment, thanked his Royal Highness for the honour he had done them, and observed that the old colours were presented to the regiment by Sir Charles Napier twenty-six years ago. The Royal and Imperial party and a large number of guests were afterwards entertained at luncheon by the colonel and officers of the regiment.

DEPARTURE OF THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.—The Empress left England in better health and spirits than she has enjoyed ever since the great catastrophe. On embarking at Southampton she had resumed the old juvenile *allures* of Compiègne and Fontainebleau. Her Majesty was attired in black, with a pouf à la Titien, i.e., a skirt turned up in front and gathered in thick folds behind, over a flounced petticoat, the whole fully trimmed with fringe and velvet. She carried in her left hand a small green parasol, and in the right one of those long *sarbacane* canes which she introduced at Biarritz some three or four years ago, reaching about a foot above her head. A little funny round hat, with a deep scarf of black lace surrounding the crown, and falling down the back, with a bunch of small feathers in front, formed the whole of her costume; and were it not that the face is much aged, and the hair unmistakably submitted to dye, but little change would be apparent. In the figure there is none. Her Majesty is much thinner, but preserves the activity and even grace of youth in her movements. Her Majesty has wisely discarded the fashion of much paint. But why do the ladies of her suite persist in hiding their beauty behind so thick a mask of red and white and blue? Nay, even orange colour is now used underneath the eyes.

TWO KINDS OF WIVES.

SOME writer remarks, "We blunder fearfully with our domesticity. Our wives are only of two kinds: the family slave on the one hand, the frivolous woman of fashion on the other."

"Our wives!" As a woman can't have a "wife," I may logically infer that a man wrote the above paragraph, though without these two helping words I should have come to the same conclusion. Now, so far as my limited knowledge goes, we generally find "in the market" that which is oftenest called for. Put that down in your memorandum book, sir. Men are but just beginning to find out that the two specimens of womankind referred to are much more difficult to get along with, in the main, than a woman of intelligence and mentality. I say they are just beginning to understand it.

Men are very fond of the results that the "family slave" brings about, in the shape of good food and well-mended clothes, but they dodge with a fox's cunning the creaking and jarring of the machinery by which these results are obtained. They never want to be on hand when any process of disentanglement is necessary that defers temporarily the "family slave." Just then "business" is imperative—very likely in the shape of a journey—till the household machine runs smoothly again; nor does he care to hear how it is done so that he is not bothered about it. If the "family slave" gets thinner and thinner, why, it is because "she takes everything so hard." She ought not to take things hard! That's her fault! It is an unfortunate nervousness which she ought to try to get rid of, because—it worries him! She is "no companion" for him—not a bit! When he wants to be amused she is too tired to do it. In fact she doesn't see anything to be amused at. That is another unfortunate peculiarity of hers, this looking on the dark side of things. He doesn't do so. Not he! He deplores it; he sits down and writes just such a paragraph as I have quoted above, like the consistent man he is.

I once heard a man who was in excellent circumstances, and his young wife, just recovered from a severe illness, had taken her twelve-pound baby in her weak arms, and had gone into the country for a few days, remark, as she left, "She would take all my old trousers with her to mend—Heaven bless her!" adding, triumphantly, "There's a wife for you!"

Now who made that "family slave"? Because she was magnanimous and self-forgetful must he need be a brute? Women must take care of themselves in these matters. They must husband their strength for future demands, since their husbands won't husband it. That man was abundantly able to pay a tailor or a seamstress to repair his clothes. Instead of contenting himself with Heaven blessing this little meek wife he should, like a true man, have positively forbidden her to work at all in this short reprieve from household care. When there is nothing left of her but one front tooth, and a back bent like the letter C, he will contemplate some round, rosy woman, who has not yet met her

doom, and wonder how his wife came "to lose all her good looks so soon."

As to "fashionable women," were there no fashionable men I don't imagine that they would exist on this planet. "She is so dowdy!" "She is so stylish!" Do you suppose the women who hear these masculine comments forget them? Do you suppose when, to use an equine expression, you have once given a wife "her head," by your admiration of "style" and fashion, that you can rein her up short whenever you take a notion? Doesn't she hear you sneering at intelligent women, and doesn't she see you flattering stupid fashionables?

Of course she does. Now let every man ask himself, before he sits down to write against the faults and follies of women, what he, individually, has done to form and perpetuate them? And if ever, in his whole life, when he saw a woman wronging her better self in any way, he extended a manly, brotherly hand to her, in the endeavour to lead her right? or, if he did not, on the contrary, join her, and walk with her, well pleased, in her own ill-selected path? F. F.

A STATEMENT was made the other day at a vestry meeting of the parish of St. George-the-Martyr, Southwark, but the authority for it was not given, that there are in London 700,000 cats.

SISTERS OF M. THIERS.—M. Thiers has just lost his maiden sister. Mlle. Thiers, whose long retirement from the world had consigned her wholly to oblivion, was staying at Cabourg when she was seized with paralysis; her age was seventy-two. She had been living for many years upon a small pension granted her by Thiers, and has never asked for an increase, even though her brother's means would have sanctioned the demand. When his other sister, Madame Persin, died, Thiers's *bon mots* ran like wildfire all over Paris. To some one who sought to console him for the loss he replied, "Sometimes a family gains by a family loss." Madame Persin, unlike Mlle. Thiers, hated obscurity, and when Thiers was at the height of his power as Minister of Louis Philippe she set up a *table-d'hôte* in the Passage Sandrier, with a floating banner outside the window of the house, on which was inscribed, "Pension bourgeoise, tenue par Madame Persin, sœur de M. Thiers." This was a petty vengeance, incited by the statesman's refusal to give her a considerable sum of money to found a *maison de commerce* on the boulevard. But M. Thiers was quite proof against the scandal, and it was the police alone who forbade the white flag and ordered it to be taken down. Madame Persin was a bustling little woman, as like M. Thiers as possible, imitating his gestures, wearing round spectacles, and standing on tiptoe, to the great delight of the *habitués*.

THE LATE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.—A very costly and beautiful monument has recently been erected at the east end of the south aisle of Trotham Church, Staffordshire, in memory of the late Duchess of Sutherland, who departed this life on the 27th of October, 1863. It is the work of Mr. Noble, the eminent sculptor, and consists of a full-length figure, reclining between life and death on the tomb as its final resting-place. Those who were acquainted with the deceased duchess regard it as a striking and faithful portrait. The subjoined inscription was written by Mr. Gladstone:—"Honoriæ Duciſsæ de Sutherland, fide marmore descriptæ effigies. Ejus carissima imago nunquam non videbitur inter suos morari, quippe que et multum et a multis amata, haud scias annon magis ipsa amaverit. Egregia mentis et formæ dotibus, gnata, soror, uxor, mater, parens absolutissima, habuit inſuper e cordis benevolentia quod in amicis large dimanavit. Dulcedinum et deliciarum omnia queis frui datum est hominibus illi carpere diutius licuit, ex quod rarius circa se diffundere. Sub extremum vitæ spatium etiam in doloribus spectata nunquam mediocrem se præbuit. Denique Dei Opt. Max. concilium liberæ amplexæ, et usque ad finem sine molitie tenerrima tranquille in Christo obdormivit Londini, XVII. die Octobris. Anno Redemptoris, MDCCCLXIII." Translation: "The faithful image in marble of Harriet Duchess of Sutherland. Her beloved image will ever seem to linger among her own, as of one who, much loved and by many, loved perhaps more in return. Eminent in gifts of mind and person, and as daughter, sister, wife, mother, kinswoman most perfect, she possessed, furthermore, in the wealth of her heart an abundant store for her friends. Whatsoever of sweetness and delight is given to mortals to enjoy she was permitted long to taste, and had the rarer faculty of spreading it around her. During the latest period of her life, tried also by searching pain, she proved ever equal to herself. At length, embracing freely the purposes of Heaven, and to the last most tender, but not weak, she calmly fell asleep in Christ, in London, on the 27th of October, A.D. 1863." On the panels round the tomb are the following texts:—"I am the resurrection and

the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "I heard a voice from Heaven saying unto me, Write: Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, saith the Spirit—yea, that they may rest from their labours." "He will swallow up death in victory, and the Lord God shall wipe away tears from all faces." "And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." The subjoined passages run round the upper moulding of the slab:—"When the ear heard her then it blessed her," and "He giveth his beloved sleep." At the foot is inscribed "In memoriam matris." "This monument to the beloved memory of Harriet, Duchess of Sutherland, wife of George Granville, second Duke of Sutherland, is erected, in the church which they rebuilt, as a loving tribute to the spotless life. A.D. MDCCCLXXI."

IS THE WORLD ROUND OR FLAT?

ABOUT a year ago a philosopher named John Hampden, having convinced himself beyond all peradventure that the world was flat, not round, as commonly supposed, undertook the arduous missionary work of converting mankind to his way of belief. Not making much progress by following the ordinary methods of private preaching, he resorted to the expedient of offering a bet upon the subject. He made a public announcement, offering to stake 500*l.* against 500*l.*, to be put up by any scientific man, that he could prove that the earth was flat, and not round, as everybody else believed.

No one appears to have taken immediate notice of this offer, whereupon Hampden came out with another announcement, in which he boldly declared that scientific men knew they were guilty of an imposition in propounding the round theory, and that, in consequence, they were afraid to take up his challenge, and stake 500*l.* as he proposed.

But the challenge having come to the notice of Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, a gentleman of high reputation, and a member of several scientific societies, he accepted the conditions, and put up his 500*l.* This amount, together with a similar sum put up by Hampden, was deposited, subject to the order of the referee, Mr. Walsh, who was to pay over the 1,000*l.* to the winning man.

The mode adopted for settling the question was planned by Hampden, the advocate of the flat theory, and the experiment appears to have been conducted in all respects as he desired. The ground selected was a six-mile level, on the Bedford Canal. Three long poles of equal length were provided, and planted at equal depths, and at distances of three miles apart. A telescope was then employed, through which it was clearly and unmistakably perceived that the central pole was five feet above the level line of the telescope, which at once proved that the earth was not flat but round. Mr. Hampden expressed himself satisfied that he had lost the bet, and the money was accordingly paid over by the referee to the winner, Mr. Wallace.

The experiment and the telescope were level, but not so the head of Hampden. He that complies against his will is of the same opinion still. It was not long before Hampden woke up to the mortifying conclusion that he had made a blunder, or than in some way he had been beggotten. His reason told him that the earth was still flat, not round, as that deceitful telescope and those fibbing poles had affirmed.

THROUGH DARKNESS TO DAWN.

CHAPTER XXIV.

There are occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things. *King Henry V.*

THOMAS TREDDLE was about the most uneasy man in Manchester, which is saying a good deal for his uneasiness in that unsettled city. For six weeks he had gone to the post-office half a dozen times a day without receiving the particular letter for which he looked. Not having much else to do for the first two or three weeks of his stay at the great hotel, he had written every day to the girl of his heart, Miss Katrine Bromley. Thomas was not what might be called an eloquent writer, the longest of these numerous epistles covered no more than two pages of commercial note; but the briefest of them would have satisfied a sensible young lady like Katy, could she have received it, because it was as crammed with the wishes of his heart as if it had been an order on the bank of Cupid for ten thousand pounds. Every word told. There was that in those terse sentences which would have convinced her of the wealth of affection on which she had to draw.

Alas! we know that Katrine never received those important messages; that she cried her bright eyes

dull at one end of the line, while Treddle chafed and fretted and wondered at the other.

"She was deceiving me! She is a flirt!" he said, at last, and left off writing messages to which he never received a reply.

But he could not believe his own assertion. The memory of those dark eyes, so sweet and true, came back to him and would not let him be convinced even by facts.

"She is angry," he said, after he had omitted writing for a fortnight, "because I made love to her too fast. She told me that I must wait—must be patient; that she couldn't attend to my case now; and I was eager, and wouldn't keep back the fondness I felt for her. She is vexed with me for not respecting her wishes. I must write once more and beg her pardon."

So he had written again, the longest epistle of all, begging her to forgive him for loving her so much, that he could not refrain from writing and telling her of it so often, that he knew she must be tired of him and vexed with him—but wouldn't she be so good as to drop him one little line to say that she was not entirely angry?

It was the envelope of this last missive a portion of which Peter had rescued from the stove, while Katrine had watched for the postman in vain.

Meantime, the suit which Treddle had brought against the four-merchant had been won and the money paid over. For the first time in his life Treddle was the owner of over a thousand pounds cash, and felt himself ready for any bold stroke—to marry—to go into business; how fortunate he should have felt himself if only he could have heard from that dark-eyed, deceitful enchantress who was breaking his heart.

He had been forced to make seemingly careless inquiries about Mrs. Glaston and her sister of Spiderby, with whom he was in close business correspondence. The answers to these inquiries gave him no reason to suppose that Miss Bromley was either ill or in distress or worthy of any kind. Spiderby always spoke of her as in high health and spirits—a charming girl, but destined to be a great flirt as soon as she appeared in society.

"I'll remain here, I'll never go back to the wicked little coquette. I'll invest my money, get rich, remain a bachelor, and make her sorry and ashamed!" thought Thomas, in a desperate mood, when no answer came to his last appeal.

Spiderby had written him in the most urgent manner to open a broker's office in Manchester, promising all the needed funds, and representing in glowing terms the success sure to follow.

"He is right. Here I shall become a man among men. If I go back to that little worn-out town of Burnley, and get only a small salary, I may drudge for ever, and never get beyond it. There is every chance here for me. I understand the business proposed. I am sharp and cautious, and this is my proper field. Farewell, Burnley! farewell, dark eyes that have mocked me! I'll make Miss Katrine regret her coquetry. I'll touch nothing upon which I cannot realize a hundred per cent.!"

Thus poor Thomas mixed business and sentiment as they always must be mingled in this dreary world, where a man can best spite the woman who has jilted him by showing her what splendours would have been hers had she pursued a different course.

Thus, with a cool head and a hot heart, he trod once more the weary way to the post-office, once more to be disappointed did any faint hope of receiving a perfumed missive of feminine smallness and delicately superscribed still linger in his breast.

Two letters there were, but neither of them the one he despaired of. One was from Spiderby, of course; the other was a large document in a business envelope, sealed with a wafer, and directed in a large, laboured hand, whose awkward precision proved the pains bestowed upon it.

"What under the sun is this?" exclaimed Thomas, examining it with curiosity. "It is from Burnley—from Peter. Something new, perhaps, about that horrible business. I will not read it here in the street."

He thrust it into his breast pocket with a feeling of reluctance to opening it before strangers, as if they could surmise its contents from the expression of his face.

Spiderby's letter complimented him on his success in the suit, acknowledged the reception of his share of the money, and again earnestly advised Thomas to remain where he was.

Treddle felt that this advice was given in order to get rid of him. Nevertheless, he was sick at heart and desponding, and did not feel like going back to Burnley to denounce Spiderby. He was half minded to let fate work out the remainder of the tragedy without any meddling intervention of his.

"Perhaps Peter has something to say which will decide me at once."

He went back to his hotel and locked himself in

his room before opening the ponderous envelope, from which he drew a sheet of foolscap and read:

"MR. T. TREDDLE.—Worthy sir,—I take my pen in hand—of course, I don't take it in foot, not being one of them fellows as writes with their toes like I saw in the street the other day—to inform you I am well and hope you are enjoying the same blessing, as if you cared whether Peter Cooper, who dusts your desk, was well or ill—ridiculous! But common folks has common sense, I take it. Why should the rich despise the poor—why should the poor repine? I uses my eyes the same as before you left, which wasn't right, you know as well as me. But why I took my pen in hand is this—have you heard from a certain party since you left? I mean Miss K. B. I bet you ain't; nor she from you. Because the mails come here to the bank and are sorted over again, and Providence blew a piece of paper up the redegitur which had Miss K. B.'s name on it in your handwriting, and she ain't heard one word from you since you went away, and her eyes are as red as berries crying. Which is the solemn truth as I see when she always comes to the door herself for letters and holds out her pretty hand so eager, and when there is none from Manchester the tears spurt up like boiling in a spring for water. That's what's the matter. And you ought to know it. There is ashes in the furnace where he burns your letters to K. B. You'd better come home and attend to it, which is taking a great liberty in me to give my advice. I meant to finish this last night, but Spider comes after me to keep guard, like a angel, over two beautiful creatures which is Mrs. Glaston and K. B. They was alarmed because a strange man was seen lurking about the place. Mister Treddle, I wish you was here this hour. That man is a mystery to me. I can't make him out. Spider says he's John Glaston who run away to see a brother of his, I mean Henry Glaston. Perhaps he is; he looks like him. I'm bound to have a talk with him myself. I'm so excited I don't know which end I stand on. That man ain't here for nothing. Spider is scared. Will you come, or won't you? Do as you see fit. I've said my say. If you're the man I take you to be, you'll come on quick. You and me know things that ought to be told. You gave me the slip for some reason. What is it? Now what would you say to the fact that old Spider is inviting Mrs. Glaston to walk into his parlour? That's so—no mistake. Be you going to let her walk in there knowing what we know? There's an awful lot of villany laying around loose in these parts, and you'd better answer this in person. I shall see that this letter goes to the office myself. If you answer don't write to me, but to Jerry Tomkins, which is me in disguise, then I'll stand a chance to get it anomalously, as they say. With sincere respect, truly yours,

"JERRY TOMKINS."

All the impression which Thomas received from this epistle on first perusal was that Katrine after all was not a flirt! Katrine was true to him! Katrine had cried when she got no letter from him—had been as miserable as he, it might be! Katrine loved him! This overwhelming fact crowded all the others out of his mind; an inward radiance began to shine through his features. When he had finished it he laughed aloud, kissed Peter's foolscap sheet, got up and walked about the room, and finally flung himself down on his bed, buried his face in the pillow, and gulped down two or three sobs of joy which were trying to get the better of him. It was unmanly of him, but it was one of Treddle's best peculiarities that he was sometimes very womanly. These feminine streaks through his solid composition never interfered with his hitting out straight from the shoulder when occasion demanded.

This flood of happiness after a long drought of doubt and depression overclouded his soul. For a long time he was conscious only of it. After he had subsided into something like tranquillity he began to recall other matters of moment in that uncouth, precious epistle. He sat on the edge of the bed and read it over carefully several times.

His indignation at Spiderby for tampering with his correspondence was mitigated by the feeling that he ought never to have left Burnley in that person's employ, or before he had exposed his true character to the world. He had played with edge-tools and had hurt himself.

The full conviction of the banker's crime returned upon him, while Peter, although he had deceived him by only partially confiding in him, was exonerated from the suspicion which Treddle had latterly entertained.

The statement that Spiderby was already a suitor of or in love with Mrs. Glaston affected him like an electric shock. He recoiled in horror from the thought. The more he endeavoured to be rid of it the more it returned upon him, bringing with it such a train of circumstantial evidence as wrought conviction against his shuddering will. He, Thomas, far more than Peter, could see how this accounted for certain other

things which had come to pass in the business of the bank, which he had discovered during these investigations of the books which he had made.

He had long puzzled over these facts, not being able to account for them on the theory of avarice alone. Spiderby was not an avaricious man, though fond of the power which money bestows. This interest in Mrs. Glaston formed a more satisfactory explanation.

Then Treddle considered that portion of the letter referring to a strange visitor who had frightened the ladies and was a mystery to Peter. He could make but little out of this, never having heard that Henry Glaston had a younger brother, and seeing no reason, even if he had, for so near a relative presenting himself in a guise to disturb Mrs. Glaston or any one else.

However, Peter had proved himself too shrewd in other matters for Treddle not to feel that there must be something of importance in these obscure references. He wished with the porter that he was there—there that hour! But wishes alone would never transport him to Burnley. There was a long distance to be soberly travelled by rail. Then the sooner the journey was begun the sooner it would be ended. Already in imagination he had his arm about Katrina's waist, and was vehemently begging her forgiveness for the doubts he had suffered. Already he was constituted defender of sweet Mrs. Glaston from all fright of strangers and all approaches of that dark-hearted scoundrel, Spiderby.

He consulted a time-table which he carried about with him. The express by means of which he would soonest reach Burnley would leave Manchester at four in the afternoon. He had but to see a single person on some business into which he had partially entered, eat his dinner, pack his carpet-bag, and be off.

The man whom Treddle went to see was not in. He was obliged to call again after dinner; this left him but little time in which to catch the train. Starting from the gentleman's office, his carpet-bag in hand, to walk to the station, he found himself compelled to hurry very much. It was a bad day for pedestrians; the pavements were covered with a thin coating of ice formed by rain, which froze as it fell. The result of Thomas's haste was that his feet flew from under him, he came down on his elbow, and broke his arm.

He was for hurrying on all the same, but the broken limb pained him too much; he grew sick and faint. Seeing a doctor's sign, he hastened into the house and was glad to sit down. The doctor examined the injured arm.

"Broken."

"Can't it be set in time for the four-o'clock train?"

The physician looked at his patient and at his watch.

"It is five minutes to four now, young man."

"When will the next express leave?"

"At seven in the morning. But you will not leave with it."

"Oh, I must. Confound my arm! Let it ache if it wants to—I must get home."

"Death or marriage?" asked the doctor.

"Neither. But my business is of the greatest importance. Surely, doctor, after the arm is once properly set I can proceed on my way?"

"Wait and see how you feel to-morrow. You will have fever—your head will ache—the least jar will give the limb so much pain that you will shrink from the idea of so many hours of incessant jolting."

"Bah, I'm healthy and strong. I can bear pain."

"Strong people do not bear pain the best. The jarring of the train might produce inflammation of the injured parts. This would have to be followed by amputation. Your business must indeed be of importance if you are prepared to sacrifice an arm to it."

"I am not!" answered Thomas, thinking that Katrina might not fancy a one-armed man. "How long shall I be kept in this city?"

"Only a fortnight or so, if you be patient and don't fret yourself into a fever. The quicker we set these bones the better for you."

The doctor called his assistant, a young medical student, out of an inner room, and the two soon had the bones in place, and the arm in a broad sling.

"Whither will you go now?"

"Back to my hotel, I suppose."

The physician gave a searching glance at this patient, whom an accident had thrown on his hands. He liked Treddle's countenance immensely, he admired the courage with which he bore severe pain, and he compassionated him, being a stranger in a strange town.

"It will be needlessly expensive at the hotel. You will be obliged to hire a special attendant and pay extra for everything. If economy is any object, or you prefer a quieter home, why, I have a spare room, and you shall stay with me for less than half what

it will cost you at the hotel. It is seldom that I can be coaxed to board a patient; but you are without friends in the city, I take it, and I confess to a fancy in your favour."

"Oh, thank you," said Treddle, eagerly. "I should prefer staying with you. It would be tiresome enough at the hotel, without an acquaintance. I'm a thousand times obliged to you. I am far from rich; but I have enough to reward you properly, thank goodness!"

He had recognized the physician's name on the door-plate as one of some eminence, and knew that the great man was really doing him an almost unprecedented favour in thus taking him in.

Half an hour later Thomas found himself lying on a luxurious bed in a pretty front chamber of the physician's house, a cheerful fire burning in an open grate, the muslin ruffled curtains tied with blue ribbons, drawn back so that he could look out upon the western sky; everything about him as neat, bright, and comfortable as it could be made. A tidy servant about twilight brought him a cup of tea and bit of toast—light diet was the order of the day—and after that he lay back on his pillows, watching the lights and shadows of the fire play over the wall and ceiling, trying to forget how his arm ached, and to console himself with the sweet, sweet certainty that whatever his delays and misfortunes Katrina still loved him.

The shadows took shapes grotesque and worrying; he kept forgetting how Katy loved him, and remembering all the hateful things he knew about Spiderby. The evening was long and tedious; he was glad, about nine o'clock, to receive a call from the doctor and take the powder which he prescribed.

Troubled dreams, curious shadows on the wall, burnt letters, murdered men, Katrina pointing and jeering—half asleep, half waking—so the night wore away.

On the following day Thomas was quite delirious. Full-blooded, in high health as he appeared, Treddle had nearly been made ill more than once during that anxious, terrible winter; it was the fear of it more than anything else which had induced him to quit Burnley and seek relief from harrowing associations in a new spot.

Now, suddenly arrested by this untoward accident, bravely as he endured physical pain, he could not entirely control the restlessness which tortured his mind. A fierce impatience, against which he vainly struggled, excited his mind, while the inflammation consequent upon a compound fracture fevered his body. It was like a fire fanned by a high wind.

Heaven knows all that Treddle raved about for the two or three days during which the workings of his brain defied the control of reason. He must have babbled of matters of more weight than the usual incoherent murmurings of fever; some of his words caught the attention of the physician, who, thereupon, deposed the nurse from her place by his bedside, taking his own station there, except during the hours devoted to his round of visits, when his wife assumed the responsibility.

Before his delirium came on Thomas had given Doctor Adams his name, address, and employment. The doctor, like most persons who read the papers, had seen an account, at the time of the occurrence, of the suicide of the young man and supposed prosperous banker, Henry Glaston, of Burnley.

It did not occur to him, however, that this cashier from Burnley must have been in the service of this same Glaston until the ravings of his patient brought it to mind. His interest was at once deeply fixed, and this interest was destined to increase during the half-revelations made by the unconscious young man. Discreet, governed by the sense of honour belonging to his class, the doctor regarded these wanderings as to be kept a professional secret. His wife alone was admitted to his confidence, and the two kept guard during the brief period when the patient was incapable of controlling himself.

This feverish condition was soon mastered; Thomas's brain quieted down, but he was considerably prostrated, so that Dr. Adams restrained himself from annoying or exciting him with questions.

It was fully three weeks after his accident before Treddle began to sit up among his pillows and go upon a diet rather more solid than beef-tea and wine-whey. When he came to realize the lapse of time he was so distressed and impatient that he was likely to keep ill for ever.

"I have not even sent word to my friends," he said, piteously, one day to his physician, whom he had come to love as an elder brother.

"But I have, my young friend. I wrote to Spiderby, banker, of Burnley, only a day or two after you came. You remember you gave me his address in telling me your business and residence."

"Thank you," said Thomas, thinking, "Will he tell her? Will Peter learn of it, and understand why I have not put in an appearance?"

Much he feared that Spiderby would not inform either Miss Bromley or Peter of his condition.

"He is only too glad to have appearances against me. He is enjoying the fact of my being laid up here, helpless," he thought, bitterly.

"I would like so much to write a few lines to a friend. If it had only been my left arm—"

"Cannot I act as your amanuensis?"

Treddle's pale face coloured handsomely.

"Oh! a love-letter! I used to write them myself at your age. You need not be afraid of me. Speak out of the fulness of your heart, young man, and I will faithfully transcribe."

Treddle considered for a moment.

"I am not ashamed of being in love, or writing to my lady," he said, very slowly. "But I have explanations to make which it would be awkward to—"

"Have me make for you? Very well. In two weeks more you can bear your own message, if you don't slip down again."

"Two weeks! It is an age. Doctor, since you are so good, you may just jot down a few words for me."

Doctor Adams sent for writing materials, drew a stand to the bedside, dipped his pen in ink, and waited.

"Dear Peter," began Treddle.

"Oh, then it's not a lady after all? Well—'Dear Peter'—"

"I received your most kind, most welcome letter, and started to answer it in person the same day. Unfortunately, I slipped on the ice on my way to the train, fell, and broke my arm. I have been quite ill since. But I have been in the best of hands—am in the house of the best physician in Manchester, who is kind as a brother to me"—("Do I blush, my young friend, writing that at your dictation?" asked the doctor)—"and hope, in a fortnight more, to start for Burnley. Was anything ever so unfortunate as this accident? Oh, if I could fly!" ("But you can't.")

"Dear good Peter, go to K. B., and see her alone. Tell her what you told me. Tell her if I had not been in such haste to reach her—to account for our letters missing—I should not have broken my arm. Work on her feelings, Peter. If she could see how thin I am. Tell her death alone shall prevent my making all things clear to her. You have made me very uneasy with your hint about the Spider and the fly. Oh, how I wish I were in Burnley. About the strange visitor too. Of course I am as impatient as possible. I am resolved that all shall be told when I get back. It was so wise of you to write to me. I should have gone on being deceived and duped for months, perhaps. Please go immediately to K. and tell her the truth. Good-bye until I see you. Your friend, T. T."

Doctor Adams folded the sheet and enclosed it in an envelope.

"Now the address."

Thomas hesitated, put his hand to his forehead, smiled and seemed embarrassed.

"I shall have to trouble you for a document which was in my overcoat inside pocket when I came to your house," he finally said.

"Is his memory failing that he cannot even recall a friend's name?" thought his companion, in surprise, as he proceeded to a closet from which he brought forth the overcoat.

Thomas fumbled in the pocket with his left hand, drew out Peter's bulky missive and examined the signature.

"I shall never have done putting you to trouble, doctor. I am thoroughly ashamed of myself. I have found the address at last. Please direct to 'Jerry Tompkins, Burnley.'"

Doctor Adams quietly followed directions. The discrepancy between the inside Peter and the outside Jerry was observed by him. He understood much more of Treddle's communication than the latter supposed, not knowing how much he had betrayed in his delirium.

"A fictitious address," mentally commented the doctor. "If this young man's face did not speak too plainly of a pure heart I should believe him engaged in some hideous and criminal conspiracy. As it is there has been crime committed. There is murder on some man's soul. The knowledge or the suspicion of it troubles my patient. Glaston's suicide—leaving as he did a fond and beautiful young wife—I remember was never wholly understood. I have some most fearful conjectures. Strange, too, that I should be in correspondence with Doctor Bazzard. Strange that, being in correspondence with him, this young fellow should break his arm in front of my house and I should make his acquaintance. I must speak to him about Bazzard."

The doctor sealed the letter and sent it out to be posted.

"I have an old friend who lives not far from Burnley," he said, coming back to Thomas's bedside. "We attended lectures and lived together during one

whole winter when we were students. He was always an oddity, but very talented, and I liked him. We have kept up a desultory correspondence all these years. Sometimes we do not hear from each other for a long time; but we have never entirely given up communication. I am speaking of Doctor Bazzard."

Thomas started as he heard the name, which brought vividly to mind some transactions of the bank during the last year.

"He deposits with us," he said. "I cannot say that I knew him, except as a bank customer. He has the reputation of being very peculiar."

"Yes, I understand. Queer, independent to a fault, regardless of appearances, and a little miserly. I knew him. But he's as original as he is odd. If he had given his talents fully to the medical profession the science of medicine would have benefited under his observation. But he gave only half his heart to that. Geology, mineralogy, ethnology, and a dozen other ologies divided his attention. I have had two letters from him lately. He passed through Manchester on his way home, after burying his only daughter. He spent a day with me. When he reached home he found his deserted house occupied by an intruder, who at once became an object of interest and study to him. It is about this curious personage that he has written the two letters. He has asked me some questions respecting the effect of various illnesses and accidents to the brain, which I find it difficult to answer to his satisfaction. He is evidently on the track of an investigation which promises some result of great interest to him. When you get back to Burnley I would really like you to call on him, telling him you came from me. If you can get a sight of his patient, or friend, or what-not, and write me a faithful description of his personal appearance, I shall be much obliged."

Thomas was only too glad to be asked to do something for his friend Doctor Adams. He promised to attend to this request as soon as possible after getting home.

On this promise and its fulfilment hung a matter of a thousand times greater importance than either of them could have anticipated. On a "trifle light as air" fate sometimes delights to hang the destinies of a lifetime.

CHAPTER XXV.

Heavily I rose up as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accursed pool
With a wild, musing eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.
And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or world allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!

SOMETHING had happened to Spiderby. His most casual acquaintance noticed the change in him. From being the smoothest, most soft-spoken, soft-motivated, and composed of gentlemen, he had become so nervous and restless, so broken in speech and abrupt in manner, as to cause some of his friends to wish to recommend him to pay more attention to his health—to consult a physician and find if change of air and scene would not be recommended. In fact, several gave him this advice.

"That affair of your partner's probably affected you more than you were aware at the time. Now that the excitement is over you begin to show what you have passed through. Can't you leave business for a season—go abroad—seek change? You don't know how bad you are looking."

So said more than one friend.

"Go abroad," responded the banker. "Thank you for suggesting it. Yes, yes, yes! I must get my affairs in such shape that I can get away for a few months. I do need change. Am I looking so bad?" he asked, trying to laugh. "But I can't go immediately. I must wait till summer weather. Go abroad? Yes, I shall like that. It's the very thing I need. But I can't get away just yet."

Gladly, most gladly, would he have fled from Burnley never again to return to it, to him, accursed precincts. But if he went now he must leave behind the woman on the chance of winning whose love he had thus imperilled his peace and safety.

For Spiderby, who long since felt that his peace of mind was gone, now realized, in addition, that his personal safety was in imminent peril. No one had threatened him. No one had breathed to him a knowledge of his guilty secret. Yet he was dimly conscious of an ever-narrowing circle closing about him day by day. The air of Burnley stifled, choked him.

He looked up hopelessly to the blue sky, and even that seemed to press him down. He was like the prisoner of state in his iron chamber who saw its walls gradually condense about him until he could no longer stand, but crouched, stooped, and bowed himself in vain, shuddering, praying, gasping, as the

remorseless monster pressed him closer—tasting the bitterness of death before it came as he waited in horrible anticipation the last cruel embrace which should crush him out of humanity.

What was this instrument of punishment to the guilty man? Was it conscience? Not conscience alone, for his was one of those organizations so sheathed in self-complacent, unctuous selfishness as to feel its stings but dully. Had he felt safe, conscience might have pricked him like a swarm of bees, and he would have remained poison-proof. But in his fear conscience had more power.

Of what was Spiderby afraid?

He was afraid of the whispering wind and the glaring sun, of the night shadows and the dull sound of water flowing in the river. He was afraid of the cashier, far away by his contriving. He was afraid of the porter, whose looks and actions began to have for him a new significance. He was afraid of the river, whose dark waters had covered the body of his murdered friend.

Yes, Spiderby could not look out from that rear window of his private office on the sullen waters now breaking from their winter thrall of ice without a trembling, searching glance, as if he expected the ghost of Henry Glaston to hover over it. Yet he believed the corpse of the murdered man to be mouldering in its grave in the cemetery. It was only this nervous state into which he was getting that made him so foolish. It got to be so that he never entered his room that he did not walk to that window and cast a quick, furtive glance at the outer scene of turbid waters.

Everything conspired to thwart and depress him, to say nothing of the serious alarm which he felt at the aspect of Peter Cooper and his sister. Both of these had firmly rejected his offer of setting them up for themselves in a respectable business in London. Peter said his mother was quite satisfied with the home which she now had; she owned it, and liked it, and did not like London.

It would be vain and unwise for him to show anger at these people. If Peter knew or suspected the truth, he could only hope to purchase his silence by humouring him. But how long would his reticence last?

The intelligence that Treddle had broken his arm and was laid up in Manchester for at least a month was the best news he could have received. He was afraid of Treddle as he was of Peter.

There was another person whom he feared. It was the nameless stranger, whom, in his own mind, he called John Glaston. It was true that this man could know nothing of the events of the past few months. A stranger, without position or influence, he was not very likely to take a conspicuous part in inquiring into the circumstances surrounding his brother's decease. As day after day glided away without his making the least attempt to assert his relationship—without his begging alms of or claiming the acquaintance of Mrs. Glaston—Spiderby felt still more assured that he was nothing better than a vagabond, who was ashamed to put forward any claim.

Yet there was a look in the man's eyes which troubled him. He would rather at any time have been struck a blow than have met that look; yet, such is the inconsistency of human nature, the more he dreaded it the more certain he was to be drawn to it.

He had only too frequent opportunities. The fellow continued to lounge about Burnley, without any apparent purpose. It got to be so that if Spiderby were buttonholed at a corner by a friend desirous of a few minutes' chat, his eyes were wandering restlessly about him in search of his *bête noir*, and ten to one the man would pass by, staring him full in the face as he did so.

Many others noticed the resemblance of this poorly clad fellow to the late Mr. Glaston, asking Spiderby if this were some poor relation who had come to annoy the widow. In reply the banker would answer that he suspected it from the likeness, and the fact that the man had begged work of him; but, if so, he had not yet had the impudence to assert himself to Mrs. Glaston.

She too had been very inquisitive and very impatient for some days about the stranger. She insisted on believing that he must be Harry's brother, whom all had thought lost at sea, and, if so, she wanted to welcome him to her house at once. She had begged Spiderby to introduce himself, and ask the man, point-blank, if he were John Glaston, and, if he were, to tell him how glad she would be to see and speak with him.

Spiderby never asked these questions; but he allowed her to suppose that he had and that the person had claimed the name and refused to accept her kind advances.

She supposed that he had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come, for she never saw him at

all now; but Katrine knew differently, often detecting him hovering at twilight about the premises, although she would not startle Alice by making known this discovery.

How the man lived, or where he stayed at night, Spiderby could not ascertain. He only knew that he was never very far away for twenty-four hours at a time; that he was certain to meet his fixed, strange gaze at least once every day, and to feel it pierce his very soul, while he grew like stone, and could neither speak nor stir till the spell had passed, no matter with whom he might be talking at the moment. Yet it was not a baleful nor threatening gaze. It was more as if a spirit looked at him through those calm, deep, luminous eyes—a spirit from the immediate presence of Heaven, who knew his crime and judged it as the angels judge.

Absurd! Well, he said that to himself twenty times a day. It was absurd to tremble before that homeless ragamuffin, or to attach any importance to his looks. Yet when he met the eyes he did tremble, and his very heart quailed.

All this wore upon Spiderby. Added to his apprehensions was his consciousness that he had been betrayed by his passion into speaking too soon to Alice Glaston; that he had lost instead of gained by the precipitancy of his avowal. Previous to that she had received him as her best friend and wisest counsellor, at least; since then he could not make her feel at ease. Her trustfulness had given place to a painful shrinking, which increased rather than diminished.

As for Miss Bromley she was his natural enemy, always ready for open warfare upon the slightest pretext.

Spiderby's life was becoming unbearable to him. He foresaw that as soon as Treddle was able to travel he would return to Burnley. The interruption of his correspondence with Miss Bromley would then be discovered and traced to its source.

His sole object in taking the letters of the lovers had been to excite Thomas's anger against the young lady and cause him to remain where he was. But from the doctor's note, explaining Thomas's accident, it was evident that he must have been on his way to the train when it occurred. Of course, then, he would resume his journey as soon as possible. He must make one more attempt to keep him in Manchester.

In a letter which he wrote Treddle, care of Doctor Adams, sympathizing with his misfortune, he insinuated that himself and Miss Bromley were engaged.

"She used to hate me," said the wily banker; "but these unreasonable haters make the warmest lovers, you know."

It was his idea that even should Thomas return to Burnley, believing them engaged, he would seek no explanations from Miss Bromley; while such an assumed engagement would be a cover for his frequent visits at Mrs. Glaston's house. Indeed he thought it a good device to allow his acquaintances generally to assume that he was becoming interested in Miss Katrine. It would blind them to the true state of things until the hour of his triumph arrived.

Yet there was great risk in Treddle's return. He had been certain when he sent him off that he could prevent it. This assurance had given place to apprehension. He could not manage even that stupid, half-witted porter—how then the shrewd young man?

He saw that he was surrounded by ever-increasing dangers. His brain whirled, and sometimes his heart stopped beating as he realized it. He was tempted to quickly and quietly convert his property into money—the most of it was already in that shape, and on pretext of ill-health leave for the Continent before Treddle's return. If his suspicions that Treddle and the porter were aware of his crime should prove correct, then he had but to skulk and hide for the rest of his days. He would have plenty of means, and could live in luxury under an assumed name, haunted by a constant fear of detection, but otherwise not so badly off. On the contrary, should his fears prove to be only the fancies of his own troubled conscience—should no breath of the truth get abroad in the community, he could return, after a few months of travel, with the hope of finding Alice Glaston prepared to listen to his story of devotion.

Ah! if he could but take her with him! Then he would defy the world, disgrace, death itself. With her, in some far-off, sunny portion of this lovely earth, he would hide, constituting her the queen of some Paradise which he should discover, where they would be all the dearer to each other that they were shut away from friends and country.

His miserable soul dissolved in ecstatic joy as he dreamed over this picture only to awaken to a keener sense of its utter impossibility of realization. If he died now he must abandon the hope which was the



[TREDDLE'S AMANUENSIS.]

cause of his destruction. Time and patience only could secure him the reward of his wickedness. The mighty waves which fall back shattered in a thousand drops from the unshaken rocks were not more helpless than his mad desires against the simple fact that the woman's heart was with her husband in heaven. If he went now from Burnley he must go alone. So he could not make up his mind to assure his personal safety by flight. Rather he would wait, ever vigilant, every ready to flee, should the crisis come, hoping that time would favour him.

He began to occupy his leisure hours—his wakeful nights—in concocting a scheme to thwart his accusers should he detect the faintest signs that they intended to denounce him. This scheme was nothing more or less than the one the fear of which had held Peter in check. It was to get the start of the cashier and porter by accusing them. They must be made to appear to have more money than should be theirs lawfully. Robbery must be the motive for their imputed crime. Bonds must be secreted in Mrs. Cooper's house, unknown to the family, and in such a manner that when the police were placed on the track they would be sure to discover them, proving Peter the robber. It must be seen that Treddle went to Manchester for the purpose of starting a broker's business. How did a poor young man, on a salary, obtain the means?

With incredible cunning Spiderby laid out the groundwork and carefully built up, piece by piece, the superstructure of their guilt, so that not one link or joint should fail in making the whole secure. Had he been as sensitive to impressions as a different organisation might have rendered him, Spiderby certainly would have gone insane during these days pressed so full of conflicting plans and fears. As it was his smooth cheeks grew flaccid, and his black eyes sank in their sockets. The change in him was so great that even Katrina pitied him. Furious as was her indignation against him for daring to love her sister, and to avow it, she could not deny him her compassion when she saw how he suffered. Quite naturally both she and Alice attributed his trouble to his hopeless passion; and were really glad that they had not been so severe as to break with him entirely.

"The poor man is actually pining," thought Katrina. "I'm sure I did not give him credit for so much sensibility. However, the sooner he reaches a crisis and begins to recover again, the better for him. He might try for an angel now he's about love-making, but it will not do for him to try for my poor darling."

It was perhaps three weeks after the annoying

stranger had begun to haunt the vicinity of the bank that Spiderby received one morning a call from old Doctor Bazzard, who came in to deposit a few hundred pounds obtained by the sale of a field of his which a neighbour thought it desirable to possess.

"Had any more of those attacks?" asked the doctor, business being finished, as the banker politely escorted him to the door.

"Well, yes, I had an attack something similar three weeks ago."

"Cut down your dinners at all?"

"Well, not to any great amount, I must confess, doctor."

The two stood on the steps of the bank. A bright sun was shining and a strong wind was blowing. The physician peered sharply through his blue spectacles at the worn, haggard face of the well-to-do banker, whose eyes as usual went roving everywhere in search of the hated object they were sure to meet.

Seeing him start and quiver in every nerve, Doctor Bazzard looked about to find the cause. His own glance fell upon the face and form of the vagabond stranger, who was leaning against the nearest lamp-post, quietly surveying them both.

"Who the deuce is that?" he exclaimed. The next instant he added: "Never mind, it's nothing to me."

"I suppose you think he looks like the late Mr. Glaston?" said the banker, wearily.

Like the ancient mariner, Spiderby felt that he must speak when occasion offered, or die. In his heart he desired to hear the old doctor deny the resemblance, while the restlessness of his conscience induced him rashly to call attention to it.

"Ha! does he? You don't say so."

The old man looked again at the motionless figure.

"I didn't say so," said Spiderby, almost pettishly. "I asked if you thought so. A great many people think he is surprisingly like him."

"As nearly as I remember," answered the doctor, thoughtfully, "he does seem to have a family likeness. Why, who is he?"

"I don't know any more than you do. He came to Burnley about three weeks ago, introducing himself to our notice by getting up a row, with his outrageous impertinence, in Mrs. Glaston's kitchen. I had to put him out—"

"Did Mrs. Glaston see him?" interrupted the doctor.

"Fortunately, she did not. I say fortunately, for she has such an exaggerated sense of duty that if the fellow could have passed himself off for a connexion of the family she would have given him

shelter, no matter how unworthy he might be. Since then he has lingered in Burnley, begging odd jobs of work, but without any purpose so far as I can see. My own belief is that he is a brother of the late Mr. Glaston. He had a brother who ran away to sea, and was supposed to be lost; he would be about this fellow's age were he living. My conjecture is that he has led an idle, perhaps criminal life, and would like to avow himself, but hardly dares do so."

"What was the brother's name?"

"John."

"Oh! Well, I must be going. I believe you are right, sir. He does look like a Glaston. 'Morning, Mr. Spiderby."

The old gentleman shuffled down the steps, a serio-comic figure as usual, in his snuff-coloured long overcoat and blue spectacles.

Through those blue glasses he flashed a bright glance at the lounge leaning against the lamp-post, who reflected the look with a gleam of recognition which sprang to his eyes, though not a feature of his face moved. The closest observer could not have detected a sign passing between the two.

A little way down the street stood the doctor's old horse and more ancient vehicle, into which he climbed, and was soon making his slow way over the muddy road leading to his place.

If the horse had not been familiar with the oft-trodden way it is impossible to say where he might have brought up, for not once during that three-mile drive did Doctor Bazzard appear conscious of road, animal, or vehicle.

"The facts don't exactly fit the theory, nor the theory the facts," he muttered to the reins which he held loosely in his hand; "there's a missing link somewhere. It will be found—it will be found."

A man who could construct anew a long-perished animal from a single bone need not despair of fitting his facts to his theory in the course of time.

"A brother of Glaston's, eh? That accounts—that accounts!"

Here his soliloquy was interrupted by the discovery that he was sitting motionless in front of his own door, the old horse standing with drooping head, patiently awaiting the end of his master's reverie.

As he climbed out of the vehicle Albert came hurrying round the corner of the east wing, looking warm, as if he had been exercising.

"Let me put him out for you," he said, with ready attention.

"What, you here, my boy?" queried the old man, in amazement.

(To be continued.)



[THE GHOST POOL.]

LUKE'S PROBATION.

CHAPTER I.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that men betray,
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
What art can wash her guilt away?

The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
To wring his bosom, is—to die! Goldsmith.

A MASS of men and women came pouring out of a smoke-begrimed factory in the city of Manchester, at six o'clock, one Monday evening. Three hundred souls in all, ranging from the ages of thirteen to seventy—some shouting to each other in the broad Lancashire dialect, others bowed down with weariness, slowly wending their way home—all bearing about their persons the sickening odour of raw cotton and oil, and a general shiftless, depressed look. It seemed barely possible in some instances to realize that each possessed a soul, so sodden and rough was their exterior; but then they were only "mill hands." Several groups of women took their way down the main street towards the Rochdale road; among them a young, strong man, with his sister on the one side and a slightly formed girl on the other, passed slowly along till they came to a narrow street, and the young man's sister paused as though expecting him to turn down it with her.

"These needn't mind me to-neeght, lass," he said, observing her look, "for I shall walk home wi' Alice."

"Thee'd better wait till she knows owg't of her sister," muttered the woman, spitefully.

"Mary Jane," cried the man, while a fire of passion danced in his large brown eyes, "thee'd better hoald thy bitter tongue." Then, turning to the shrinking girl beside him, he said:

"Coom, Alice, and don't thee mind her."

"Oh, Luke! don't come with me; I'd rather bear my disgrace alone."

"What disgrace art thee talking about?" he asked, bearing her along almost in spite of herself.

"I couldn't tell thee before," she replied, sobbing, "but Susan came home yesterday while I was at work, and she is very ill."

Luke hesitated, then asked:

"Is anything wrong wi' her?"

"Wrong enough," replied the girl. "Last night she became a mother! She has disgraced me—she has spoiled my happiness for ever."

"Nay, lass, thee'll never go back from thy word to me?"

"Yes, Luke—my good, kind Luke. I can never be a disgrace to you. Think of your sister and sick mother."

"Hast 'ee no thought for me?" he passionately asked.

"Luke, don't break my heart."

The young man was silent—his heart too full for words, and his whole frame quivering with excitement.

By this time the two had crossed the Rochdale road, turned down a narrow street, at the end of which they descended a flight of stone steps, passed under a railway arch, and stood on a small sort of common that skirted the district of Newtown.

In the middle of the common stood a poor, patched cottage, before whose withered door there lay a sluggish pool—the terror of ambitious boy swimmers. Years before it had been a coal mine, and when in full operation had suddenly filled with water, burying in its dark cavities the forms of fifty men.

Little do we think as we sit before a cheerful fire on a blustering evening—little do we think of the pain and toil—nay, often agony—that procured us this home-like comfort. Little do we think of the scarred and battered colliers, or the poor homes made desolate by a mining accident.

When the terror of the tragedy had somewhat passed away a boy one morning jumped into the pool that had flowed over the mouth of the pit, thinking to swim across. He was instantly drawn to the centre, whirled round and round, then sucked down the ghostly mine.

The place was avoided after that, and the cottage—between whose threshold and the edge of the pool there was only a broad pathway—let for little or nothing.

The present tenants were a collier and his wife, the collier working in Oldham, seven miles away, his wife taking care of her little home and sickly child. She underlet one room for a shilling per week to the daughters of a deceased schoolmaster—Susan and Alice Grimes. The girls had been tenderly reared and educated till the eldest was fifteen, then the death of their father compelled them to earn their own living.

Susan was strikingly handsome, but over fond of pleasure. She might have been a very queen, in dignity, beauty, and wit, had her surroundings been different. As it was, being obliged to mix with about the coarsest specimens of humanity,

and, much against her will, continually goaded by poverty to work, she became dissatisfied with her condition, a trifle bold, and given to flippant jesting.

About six months before the opening of the present story Susan's name began to be coupled with that of John Moseley—the cotton-factor's son—in a very unflattering manner. Not without cause, however, for in the midst of the chatter Susan Grimes and John Moseley were suddenly missing, and it was reported had been seen together in London. The scandalous affair fell as a heavy blow on Alice, who was so gentle and modest that the roughest in the factory loved her. She had been a weaver for two years, and was now only sixteen.

Luke Peel, working at the looms next hers in the factory, from admiring the fair-haired, graceful girl, got to loving her with the whole strength of his manly heart. She was pledged to be his wife in another year, and it was like a death knell on his heart when he heard her say:

"She has spoiled my happiness for ever."

They had reached the cottage door when he said, in a sad, tender voice:

"My dear little lass, thee knows I be a rough, ignorant lad, yet wi' nothing to be ashamed of in me or mine but my ignorance. Thee knows my sister's some'at of a shrew since she was jilted by the mon in this house"—striking his clenched hand on the wall. "Thee knows my mother is fretful and bedridden, and that I loove them and never loose patience with them. But sooner than loose thy loove, or thy sweet face to look upon, I'd jump into yonder 'Ghost Pool' and leave them all to misery."

"Oh, Luke! my great, strong Luke, you must banish such thoughts. Say, darling, you'll not lay such a burden on my soul?"

"I wull, I wull!" he cried, wildly, "if thee don't take back thy cruel words."

"Heaven, help me!" moaned the girl.

"Only say thou'll think o' it," pleaded the man, earnestly—then suddenly: "There, I'll not take thy decision to-neeght. Thee must think o' it well and not break thy word to me. Good neeght! good neeght, my loove," and before she was quite aware of it he had pressed her in his strong arms in a passionate embrace and was striding away.

Alice passed into the house in a bewildered state of mind, never even looking at her sister, who lay on the bed with pale face and sunken eyes, her beauty nearly obliterated, and a weariness as of death resting on her countenance. Slowly raising her eyes, she

fixed on Alice such a look of unutterable sorrow and longing that the other's heart as she happened to glance towards the bed was touched.

"Are you any better?" she asked, gently, but very wearily.

"I'll never be better again," replied Susan as tears slowly oozed under her closed lids. "Never again; and it is better so. But don't think too hard of me when I'm gone, Alice. I loved him so much and believed in him, and I hated the weary factory life; eighteen is very young to die, but I know I deserve the punishment."

"Don't think so, dear," said Alice, smoothing back the masses of light hair from the damp brow.

"Don't," cried the invalid; "please don't speak so kindly. I can't bear it. But, Alice, can I—dare I ask you to be kind to the two little unfortunates I leave behind? One of them is a girl—oh, save her from—"

The weary lips closed and the sufferer fainted away, much to the terror of Alice, who loudly called for help, and was answered by the collier's wife running in and saying, as she saw the state of affairs:

"We were afraid of this."

By the expeditious use of restoratives the young mother was revived, but only for a few minutes, when she again fell into another faint of long duration. So through all the weary night, from one fit to another, till towards morning she opened her eyes and wildly finished the sentence she had begun hours ago:

"—her mother's fate!"

A slight spasm shook the weak frame, and the trembling spirit took its flight.

CHAPTER II.

*Farewell! If ever fondest prayer
For other's weal availed on high,
Mine will not all be lost in air,
But wait thy name beyond the sky.* *Byron.*

"SHE couldn't ha' run away from me," thought Luke, on the Saturday of the same week that he and Alice had last spoken together.

He had neither seen her nor heard of her sister's death, and was unable to account for her absence.

He would have called at the cottage to inquire, but wisely judged his absence was of all things most desired.

"But I can watch for her to-morrow," he said to himself. "She never fails of going there."

"There" meant the church in Livesey Street; and, accordingly, next morning found him dressed in his best, which consisted of light drab corduroys, black velvet coat, and a vest of a gorgeous crimson. He likewise sported a rainbow-coloured necktie and a large brass ring. He did not rejoice in this display as a foolish pop would have done, but, with an exuberance of strength, health, and good spirits, revelled in anything cheerful and bright.

A fine-looking lad of nineteen was Luke Peel—Lancashire in every respect, from his broad dialect to his heavy, brass-tipped elogs.

He caught sight of Alice coming towards him in a black dress and bonnet, with pale and downcast face.

"My lass," he exclaimed, coming near her, "how comest thee in a black dress?"

"She is dead," answered Alice, calmly, but with a throbbing heart.

"And the children?" queried Luke.

"They are alive and well; and from now, Luke, they are mine."

Luke's healthy colour left his face, and his fingers plucked nervously at the crimson vest as though he would tear it off, for he saw this only preluded another rejection of himself.

In a little while he said:

"I don't blame thee, Alice, for taking the babes—thy kind heart wouldn't cast 'em away—but, my poor little lass, thee maun't have all the care, for though I'm only a poor weaver I can work for 'em as well as thee—ay, an' be a good fayther to 'em too." Seeing she did not answer, he looked down at her averted face and saw the silent tears trickling down her pale cheeks.

"Oh, Alice!" he cried, with such passion and despair in his voice that it trembled. "Oh, Alice, it is a hard day to me when every word I speak makes thee cry so bitterly! Why, hang it, lass, is Susan's babes to spoil our happiness and drag thee down to the grave wi' hard toil?"

She only wept the more at this, and instead of entering the church, which they had now reached, drew him into the churchyard, and in a secluded spot sank down among the graves in an almost fainting condition. But the hard-working poor seldom faint in reality, and after her fit of weeping had somewhat subsided Alice raised her head and prepared to meet this great struggle of her life; her inclination and love leading her to Luke, her sister's shame, and the knowledge of bringing him trouble and disgrace urging her to break with him at once.

"Luke," she said, laying her hand on the newly formed mound beside her, "this is Susan's grave, and her last words besought me to keep the little girl from her mother's disgrace. Her last words, mind; and I must do it. If I became your wife, dear Luke, the poor children might come to feel their disgrace the more when they grow up, for being a burden to you. And your mother, Luke—your poor, bed-ridden mother—it would be her death. Then you know people change so much in this poor world that some time you might be sorry for taking me."

"Never!" cried Luke, stoutly; "and, Alice, if my mother ever said ought to thee"—he paused, then added, apathetically: "Well, she's my mother, after all."

"Yes," answered Alice; "and there's another great thing, Luke. You are a Protestant and I am a Catholic."

"How was't thee never thought of that before?"

"I did think of it, Luke, dear, but knew thy kind heart would never trouble me."

"Dost'ee think my heart is changed now?"

"No, Luke, not changed, but for all that you and I must part, and I shall have to run away if you ever say ought to me again. I have thought of it every way, and prayed earnestly for help, so I know I am in the right. Yet it's bitter, oh, very bitter to bear."

"Will nothing alter thy mind, Alice?"

"Nothing, Luke."

"Then good-bye, lass; Luke Peel will never trouble thee again."

So saying he crushed his hat down on his brow, drew his coat over the crimson vest, and walked rapidly away. Not towards his home, she noticed, as she sat cold and still, utterly desolate, and wishing the grave beside her was hers instead of Susan's.

Alice had taken one precaution against meeting Luke—she had obtained work in another factory, so did not hear for two or three days after her parting with him that his mother had suddenly died that very night. It was a sad trial to him, poor fellow, but, instead of rousing him from the lethargy he had fallen into since parting with Alice, it only strengthened in his mind a hitherto half-formed resolution, and it was to put this resolution in practice that he wended his way towards the "Ghost Pool" on the evening after his mother was buried.

"It's the best thing I could do," he said, slowly, as he looked down into the black waters—"the very best thing. My troubles will be over then, and no one will know what became of me either, for after the waters shock down my body who's to find it?"

He shuddered as he expressed the thought, and mechanically turned his eyes towards the cottage, just as a woman's singing rose on the air.

He knew the voice too well—who could own such another?—so sweet, so inexpressibly sad.

He listened as in a trance till the concluding verse arrested the current of his thoughts:

"From the fall of the shade till the matin shall chime
Shield us from danger, and save us from crime."

"Was he committing a crime?" he wondered, and let the wonder die away.

Then he thought he would like to look on Alice once more, and, seeing the firelight flicker on her window pane, he went towards it and looked in.

Alice sat in a low rocking-chair, singing to sleep the collier's little boy, while near her the twins lay slumbering together in their wicker-work cradle.

Luke saw that she was alone in the house, and forbore to knock at the window, but she, suddenly raising her eyes, saw his haggard face, came forward and opened the door. Her hand she laid gently on his arm, saying:

"Luke, I'm sorry for thy trouble, lad. I didn't know thy mother was dead till to-day."

He did not answer, but stood like a stock before her till she raised her sad eyes to his face—then he said:

"Thou'st made a wreck o' me, Alice."

"Oh, Luke, don't say such a dreadful thing. Instead of being a wreck, you may some day be a great strong ship to bear me up from trouble."

"How?" he asked, with a little show of interest;

"how, if I'm never to see thee again?"

"Susan's children are very delicate, and may not live."

"If I thought praying would do any good I'd pray day and night that Heaven would take them. What good are they in the world, the little unfortunates?"

"Hush, Luke. Heaven knows best, and if they live I'll try and make them do some good in the world, so, if we do right now, happier days may come to us. Luke, dear, either you or I must leave Manchester if peace is to be between us."

"Where shall I go?" he asked, helplessly.

"To Australia," she replied, at a venture.

"Yes; it would be a good place. I've thought o'

that before; but how can I leave thee alone, lass, wi' those two babes? Thee mought be my wife there, an' no un to know but the twins were our own children, for thee knows how many begin a new life yonder, and the doings in old England forgotten."

"I cannot, Luke. I have chosen my way and must keep to it. I know I shall not want, for Heaven is very good, and will protect me. If you go to Australia and anything should happen to the children I will follow you there."

"Will 'ee promise to write to me in want or trouble? Thee knows I would give thee my last crust and starve myself, if need be."

"I know you would, good, true heart; but how am I to write to you, Luke, when you can't read my letter? You wouldn't want other eyes to see my words, would you?"

"No; but nineteen maun't be too old to learn to read."

"Oh, do learn, Luke; you don't know the help it would be to you."

"I will," he replied, earnestly; "but thou'lt see me again before I go?"

"No, Luke, let this be our last parting. I cannot—I cannot bear another mo—ra."

The poor girl sank down, covering her face with her thin hands.

The noble fellow would fain have seen her twenty times while he remained in the country, yet, thinking to spare her pain, he replied:

"Thee knows best, lass, thee knows best; but before I go thee must make me a promise on thy bended knees."

He did not notice the stealthy approach of Mrs. Aspell, the collier's wife, as Alice knelt before him, and he asked:

"Alice, wilt 'ee promise to write to me and tell me if thou'rt ever in need?"

"I will."

"Wilt 'ee promise to let me be a fayther to the babes, if Heaven so smite me as to take thee from this world?"

"I will."

He raised her in his arms, pressing passionate kisses on her lips and brow, then lingeringly held her to him till with a great effort that bespoke the man he tore himself away and went sobbing into the night.

CHAPTER III.

*Adieu, adieu! My native shore
Fades o'er the waters blue.* *Byron.*

A SMELL of docks, old seaweed, tar and hemp, a drizzling rain, and cutting wind, were the prominent features of the "shipping" locality in the city of Liverpool on the 23rd of April, 1846, as Luke Peel and his sister Mary Jane went aboard the ship "New World," bound for Melbourne.

Had Alice been with him, Luke would have experienced little regret at leaving his native land, for it had brought him nothing but poverty and sorrow; but as he thought of the lonely girl a dull heaviness fell upon him, and a mist came over his eyes as he watched the fast-receding shores of the beautiful river Mersey.

The vessel was a small merchantman, carrying only a few passengers, and, with prospects of fair weather before them, they hoped to make a speedy voyage, and in due time the city of their destination gladdened the eyes of the weary emigrants.

Luke had little money to spend, let alone spare, so before he took his sister from the ship he obtained a cheap lodging.

"Now," said Mary Jane, after they had partaken of a comfortable meal in their new home, "what art thee going to do wi' me now thee's got me to Australia?"

Luke placed his forefinger in the centre of his forehead—it was a habit he had fallen into since the night he went to the "Ghost Pool" with such a deadly purpose. He was not the same exuberant, cheerful Luke as of yore, but a grave young labouring man who seldom smiled and seemed to hold life as a long, weary task.

"I'll do the best I can," he said, in answer to Mary Jane. "Thou'lt never want while I have an arm."

"All very fine to talk o' arms, but they won't keep thee unless thee uses them."

"Ay, lass, have a little patience," replied the mild Luke, in a weary tone.

"It be a dool time, Mary Jane," was Luke's report the next evening as he returned tired and weary to their lodgings after tramping the city through.

"Hast 'ee found no work?" inquired Mary Jane, in brief, cutting tones.

"No," he replied, despondingly; "there be few factories here, and they are not busy. A mon told me of a place where there's lots of 'em, but I've no money to spend in travelling."

"Is it fifty miles away?" inquired Mary Jane.

"No, not near."

"Then I think thee mowght walk it."

"I've no heart, lass."

Luke held a barely acknowledged desire to remain in Melbourne, dreaming that Alice might lose trace of him if he left that city. He had sent word to her on leaving Manchester that he should remain in Melbourne after he landed, so that a letter would always find him there.

"I'll try another road to-day," he said to himself as he again started in search of work.

So he tolled through the streets in his heavy clogs, thinking to make for the country. Nearing the railway line, he came to a large stone house built in the Gothic style and standing some distance from the road. It was so superior in every respect to the buildings surrounding it, though as yet unfinished, that Luke stood for a few moments lounging in idle curiosity and gazing at the scene before him.

A gray-haired gentleman, with a young lady, and a little boy about six years old, were walking up and down in front of the building, and apparently talking about it. The old gentleman wore a vexed look on his face, and, as the party approached Luke, was saying:

"I feel so vexed with myself for leaving them behind. I cannot see a thing without them. If I had only somebody to send now—"

Then, as his eyes rested on Luke:

"Here, my man, would you like to earn a shilling?"

"Ay, sir, and be glad," answered Luke, with alacrity.

"Well, I suppose you know your way to Dedham?"

"No, sir; I be only two days landed here."

"Indeed. What is your occupation?"

"I be a mill hand, sir."

"A what?"

"A mill hand!" he repeated, in a louder voice.

"Oh!" said the gentleman, then, turning to his daughter, he inquired: "My dear, didn't John call the people his father employs 'mill hands'?"

"Yes, papa," replied the young lady, haughtily; "but we are only wasting time. You had better send the man at once, for you know how much business we have to transact to-day."

Thus admonished, papa turned to Luke and said: "Go straight up the road you are now on for about five miles, then inquire for Mr. Blanchard's farm. It is just on the edge of Dedham, as any one you meet will be able to tell you. When you find it, ask for Mrs. Blanchard, and tell her I sent for my glasses. They are on the parlour mantelpiece. Now be as quick as you can."

Luke had started off before the last word was uttered, so eager was he to work himself into any employment, and Mr. Blanchard, in his eagerness, forgot to tell him where to deliver the spectacles.

"You will never see them again, papa," said Miss Agnes, daintily drawing her dress round her as one of the workmen passed them, "and we had better drive down town and buy a pair at once."

"I can never find a pair again to suit me as well as they did, and certainly I was very stupid to trust a stranger."

He assisted his daughter into the carriage, and together with his little son drove quickly away.

Luke trudged along the dusty road until he had proceeded, as nearly as he could calculate, the five miles, and, seeing no one on the road, made his way to the door of a showy country residence. Upon inquiring for Mr. Blanchard's he was pointed to a large, old-fashioned farmhouse, which stood back from the road about half an acre. It was a somewhat dingy homestead, and had the appearance of long neglect.

Mrs. Blanchard gave the glasses to Luke, and he turned to resume his backward journey without thinking of rest. Arriving at the house from which he had started he found no gentleman there, and as the workmen were away to dinner he directed his steps towards his home for a similar purpose.

He was met at the door of the rickety house by the landlady, who laughed coarsely and said:

"Your sister's made off."

"Where did she go?" asked Luke, in consternation.

"How do I know?"

"Did she say nought when she went?"

"Oh, yes, I most forgot," said the woman. "She said how she'd go and work for herself, and not be a burden to you, and to tell you not to search for her, for you should never find her."

"All reugh," replied Luke, with a poor attempt at banter.

He ascended the stairs with a choking sensation at his throat and a deep sense of injury, and, entering the room, found a dinner, such as it was, laid for him.

"Oh, Mary Jane, thou'rt a bitter lass!" he cried, resting his tired head on his hands: "a bitter, bitter

lass, after all I would have done to make thee comfortable."

He sat pondering over the affair some time, rightly conjecturing that Mary Jane had gone in quest of factory work.

Knowing that she was nearly ten years older than himself, of an irascible disposition, but industrious and strict even to prudery, he thought she was well able to take care of herself, and as she had chosen her road, "Let her walk it," he said.

Still it was with a feeling of bitter desolation that two hours afterwards he went out to find Mr. Blanchard, thinking, as he strode rapidly along:

"There's no one to look to me for food now, or care what had set I may commit; but she may want a home some day, then—well, I only hope I may have one to give her."

Mr. Blanchard had not been back since the morning, the workmen told him, but had most likely gone home. If he had not, he would probably call there before he did so. Luke stayed awhile, waiting for this possibility, but at length betook himself to the Dedham road, and by nightfall arrived at the old farm-house quite wearied out.

"Why, my poor man!" exclaimed Mr. Blanchard, delighted to recover his precious glasses, "I am sorry you have had so much walking; but you did well not to give the glasses to any one else. Go into the kitchen and rest yourself, and get some supper, after which I will have a little talk with you."

Luke was as hungry as he was tired, therefore he did full justice to the ample meal spread before him, and, seeing Mr. Blanchard in the garden when he had finished, went out to him, and said:

"If thee'll please tell me what thee wanted to say, sir, I'd loike to be starting for home."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Blanchard, turning a kind look on the sturdy young fellow before him. "I was thinking that I'd like to employ you, being assured of your honesty, if I only knew what you could do. I suppose you have never done such a thing as set out young trees, or helped in a garden?"

"No, sir; but I could learn."

"Well said, my man; but I have employed a gardener, who requires help only till the grounds are in order. I promised to find him a man, so, if the proposal is agreeable to you, I will employ you at a pound a week. It is the ordinary wages of a labouring man, I believe, so do not think I wish to impose on you as a foreigner."

Luke protested he did not, but was glad to get work at any wages.

"Then if you are satisfied," said the gentleman, "take this paper to-morrow morning at seven to John Hopkins, Blanchard House, and he will find you employment."

Mr. Blanchard took a slip of paper from his notebook, and on it wrote a few sentences, inquiring Luke's name and address.

"But," questioned Luke, with a puzzled look, "where is Blanchard House?"

"Where I found you this morning."

After carefully depositing the paper in his deepest pocket, together with two shillings that Mr. Blanchard had given him for his day's service, Luke bade that gentleman good night, and made the best of his way to his poor lodging.

Although wearied by his day's tramp, and saddened by Mary Jane's untimely independence, his mind was at rest on one point; he had obtained what is supposed to be an emigrant's desideratum—work.

(To be continued.)

INTERNATIONAL MONEY ORDERS.—United States' papers announce that preliminary arrangements have been completed for the interchange of postal money orders between Great Britain and the United States on and after the 2nd of October. Of the 2,455 money-order offices of the United States 570 have been authorized to issue postal orders on the postmaster at New York city for payment in the United Kingdom, and to pay orders issued by him for sums certified by the Post-office Department of that country for payment in the United States. These offices have been selected in all the states and territories with a view of accommodating the localities where the greatest numbers of such foreigners reside as will be likely to make use of them. All exchanges are to be made through the two Government exchange offices in New York and London. In the United States applications can be made only for the equivalent in sterling of a certain sum of money in United States' currency, which latter amount, being deposited at the local office, is transmitted to New York, and there converted into a postal sterling draft at the current rate for gold on the day of its receipt. This draft is made payable by the British authorities in any designated locality of the kingdom. No single order will be issued for more than 50 dollars; but persons desiring to remit larger sums can obtain addi-

tional money orders. The rates of commission on these money orders will range from 25 cents on orders not exceeding 10 dols. to 1 dol. 25 cents for over 40 dols. and not exceeding 50 dols.

RUTH AND EDITH;

OR,
'NEATH FOREST SHADES.

CHAPTER XII.

Dick made himself ready to deal the Indian woman a terrible blow. A moment more and he would have launched it full upon her face, had she not at that second dropped upon her knees beside him. Even then he was not sure of her good intentions, until she said, in a tone that was hardly above a whisper:

"Let the pale-face make no noise. He must not stir either hand or foot until Minnona has set him free."

As she uttered these words she reached out her hands to free his. Though she must have been surprised to find that they were already at liberty she did not make her wonder manifest.

"Just let me get my legs free, and I shall be all right," said Dick, in a whisper.

Hardly had the words left his mouth before she had cut asunder the cords and his limbs were free.

It was as much as the Wood Giant could do to restrain himself from springing to his feet and bounding high in the air, so great was his joy at finding himself once more at liberty.

"Give me the knife," he said, "and I will have the rest on their feet in no time. One of 'em isn't asleep, at any rate."

But she drew back her hand as he reached out to take the knife from her.

"Let the pale-face be quiet," she said. "Minnona must work as she pleases. It is not her will that they should all be set free now."

"Why not?" demanded Dick. "Just give these fellows their liberty and we'll clear out of this hole in no time."

"The words of the pale-face are brave ones, but they are not those of wisdom. The eyes of Springing Panther and the white warrior are sharp, and their ears are not dull of hearing. Listen to the words of Minnona and no harm shall come to you. She knows why you are here, and she will help you to set the white maidens free. But we must work in the darkness and be as cunning as the foe."

"Do you know where the girls are?" demanded Dick, eagerly.

"Minnona knows where they are, even now, and she will guide the white hunter to them."

The ranger gave utterance to an ejaculation that expressed his satisfaction.

"Lead on—I am ready," he said. "Couldn't one of the boys here be of a little help if he went with us?"

A low, warning sound that enjoined silence came from the lips of the Indian girl.

Dick was as mute as though made of stone.

The sound of footsteps was heard coming that way. The next moment the Indian girl had stretched herself out on the earth beside them. The footsteps came nearer, then paused.

Our friends held their breath, and listened intently. Then the footsteps came on again, and Dick beheld the outlines of a savage—Springing Panther himself.

The figure paused again, and remained motionless for the space of a minute, then turned upon its heel and walked away, apparently convinced that everything was right.

Those of our friends who were aware of what was going on drew a sigh of relief. As the sound of the footsteps died away the Indian girl rose to her feet.

"Come," she said, and at the invitation Dick sprang upon his feet.

Simon had heard but little of what had passed. He had strained his ears to the utmost, but had been able to catch only now and then a word, in so low a tone had the conversation been conducted. But from the movements he surmised what was going on, and now for the first time he opened his lips.

"Let me go with you," he said. "I can be of some service; while if I lie here I shall be worse than useless."

He uttered these words in a low tone, but they reached the ears of the Indian girl, and she hesitated for a moment.

"If any come this way they must not think that some of you are missing. Let the pale-face lie quietly where he is for a little time, then his bonds shall be out."

"Let him go with us," said Dick. "I will risk everything here. I don't believe that they will be prowling round again very soon."

The Indian girl hesitated for a moment, then she stepped to the side of Simon, and a couple of strokes with her knife set him at liberty.

The next moment he was upon his feet, stretching out his cramped limbs with that delicious sense of freedom that only the newly liberated captive can feel.

The Indian girl softly placed her hand upon the arm of Dick as though she would draw him after her. He obeyed, and she glided to the side of the savage that he had seen sink down at his post. Once beside him she made a motion for Dick to raise him in his arms. He did so, and found that he held a mass of lifeless clay. She had struck him a fatal blow. Dick, with his burden, followed her back to the spot whence he had risen. He understood her motive now. In the darkness it would be hard to tell a savage from a white man.

He deposited his burden as she directed, then in a low tone the Indian girl whispered:

"Follow me. Minnawa will lead you to where the pale-face maidens are pining for those they love. They like not the neat that the white warrior and Springing Panther have prepared for them."

"I don't wonder they don't," muttered Dick. "They must have queer tastes if they did. This is about as gloomy a den as ever I thrust my nose into."

"Let the footsteps of the pale-face be as light as the snowflakes in winter. The ears of Springing Panther are sharp, and he can hear the faintest sound. Follow me."

She stepped forward in the direction of the spot where the remaining sentinel was standing.

"Will he not hear us?" said the ranger, apprehensively, as he pointed to the savage.

"No. When I ask him his ears are deaf to all sound. He is a friend to Minnawa."

Satisfied on this point Dick was silent.

Once past the sentinel the Indian girl glided rapidly forward. Dick and Simon came close after her. They kept her warning in mind, and their footsteps gave back not the slightest sound.

Everything now depended upon the secrecy of their movements.

Were they discovered, there would be no hope for them or those whom they were trying to save.

Every part of the cavern was familiar to the Indian girl, and she could thread its passages in the darkness as well as in the light. Therefore a little time brought them close to the door that barred their way to the apartment in which Ruth and Edith were confined. Here she bade them remain quiet. Then glided away.

One, two, five minutes passed, and an intense silence reigned about them. The stillness was unbroken save by the rapid beating of their own hearts. At the end of that time they caught the sound of footsteps returning. At last they seemed close beside them, and our friends wondered that the cause of them did not speak.

"Well," said Dick, impatiently, "is everything right for us to go ahead?"

No answer was returned.

Dick reached out his hand. A sudden suspicion took possession of his mind. His hand encountered an object that told him that his fears were not without foundation.

The next moment he felt a stinging pain in his shoulder. An unseen enemy had struck for his heart and missed his aim. In an instant the Wood Giant had sprung upon his assailant and caught him by the throat.

In a moment more he recognized him even in the darkness.

It was the dwarf.

A thrill of satisfaction ran through the heart of Dick. He had now securely in his grasp the one to whom he owed the mishaps that had occurred to him. The minutes of the Snake were numbered.

For a little while the struggle was sharp and fierce in the darkness. The dwarf was possessed of considerable strength, but it availed him little in the hands of the Wood Giant. His grasp upon his throat was like that of a vice, and in a few moments by the weight upon his hands Dick knew that he had accomplished his purpose.

The dwarf was dead.

With another compression of his fingers to make sure of this, he allowed the body to sink down at his feet.

He had hardly done so before another footfall reached their ears.

It was as light as the other, and our friends felt sure that this time it was that of the Indian girl.

They were not mistaken, for she came quickly towards them, and, not knowing of the obstacle that lay in her way, she fell over the body of the Snake into the arms of the ranger.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE Indian girl uttered no sound, but in a moment she sprang from the arms of Dick and stood erect upon her feet.

"Who is this?" asked Minnawa.

"The Snake," answered the ranger. "He came crawling round here, so I just stamped him out."

I've owed him a grudge ever since I've been here, and now it is paid along with the interest. He pricked me in the shoulder, but I fancy it isn't of any account. I wonder if I can find his knife—it may serve us a good turn if I can."

He stooped down and felt about on the earth as he said this, and soon an expression of satisfaction answered them that his search had been successful. The Indian girl now felt her way past them to the door.

"Let the pale-faces follow Minnawa, and make no sound," she said. "The white maidens are within, and you shall soon be with them. But your voices must be as low as the wind of summer when you meet, or Springing Panther and his white brother will be upon us."

"Have no fear!" said Simon, impatiently. "There is too much at stake for us to risk all in such a way as that. Lead us to them at once, that we may get out from this place as soon as possible. I fear that we shall not escape as easily as we hope to do."

To this the Indian girl made no reply other than to undo the fastening of the door, and in a low whisper to say:

"Come!"

Our friends needed no other invitation. They followed closely upon her as she threw open the door and noiselessly passed into the apartment beyond.

A lamp, from which a pale light was thrown, served in a measure to illuminate the room, and by its aid they saw the couch with the sisters lying upon it clasped in each other's arms. So noiselessly had every movement been conducted thus far that no sound or intimation of their presence had reached the ears of the captives.

It required all Simon's self-control to resist his inclination to rush forward and clasp Ruth in his arms and assure her that they were working for her deliverance.

But he was mindful of his promise to the Indian girl, who, after she had carefully closed the door behind them, glided up to the couch upon which the sisters lay.

It was Edith who first perceived Minnawa bending over them, and with a cry upon her lips she started up, for she remembered the former visit she had made them and the errand on which she had come.

"Hush!" cried the Indian girl, in a low tone. "Minnawa means you no harm. She has come this time to bring glad news to your hearts. Your pale-face friends are here, and when they go they hope to take you with them."

At these welcome words from the lips of the Indian girl Ruth and Edith started up and glanced about them. As they did so Dick and Simon stepped forward, and with a glad cry Ruth threw herself into the arms of the latter. But Edith remained where she was, with a frightened look and a great fear tugging at her heart.

"Philip," she faltered, "where is he?"

"Safe, and close at hand," answered Simon.

"But why did he not come for me?" she asked, the look of dread leaving her face, and joy mingled with disappointment taking its place.

"Because he couldn't, miss," broke in the ranger. "He wasn't in a very good condition for travelling when we came away, being bound hand and foot, and, if I ain't mistaken, fast asleep besides."

"You shall see him in a few minutes, Edith," said Simon, "if things only go to our minds. But I am glad to meet you once more. I had begun to think that it was all over with us in this world."

"So it would have been had it not been for this girl here. She's got a white heart even if she has a red skin. I had about made up my mind that there wasn't a particle of good in any one of 'em, but I think I've got to change my opinion after this."

So spoke Dick, but the sisters, when they remembered what had passed, thought to themselves that there was no need for him to change his mind in that respect.

The Indian girl seemed to know what was passing in their minds, for the next moment she said:

"Minnawa is no friend of the pale-faces, as the white maidens know. She would have taken their lives but a short time ago if her hand had not been stayed. She sets them free now only that she may be revenged upon the white warrior and Springing Panther, who would cast her and her sister out from that which is rightfully theirs."

Dick gave utterance to a low whistle.

"A red-skin is a red-skin, and I might have known it," he said. "But where is this white warrior as you call him? I don't want to turn my back upon this spot until I have put this knife into his black heart. A renegade is meaner than a hundred red-skins steeped into one. He struck me a terrible blow once, and I don't mean to go under until I have paid him for it."

"The white warrior is my husband," said the Indian girl. "For many moons have I cared for his lodge, and now he would bring another there. She is fair, and of his own race; but I have sworn by

the Great Spirit that it shall never be. I would take her life and his to hinder it."

The eyes of the Indian girl flashed, and they knew that she meant the words she uttered.

"Well, there's one of 'em that you needn't look after now," said Dick. "We'll take care of her. But to my mind we had better be getting out of here as soon as we can. I shouldn't like the idea of being caged up here again. Let's get back to the boys as soon as we can, and set them at liberty. I wonder what they will think if they wake up and find us gone?"

"They may heedlessly give the alarm," said Simon. "Let us hasten back to them at once, and lose no time in getting out into the free air of Heaven again. I have not breathed right since I've been in the cavern."

"I am ready," said Dick. "Let's go."

But the Indian girl laid her hand upon his arm to detain him.

"Let the pale-faces be quiet for a moment. Minnawa will go forth and see that the way is clear, and that Springing Panther is not lying in wait."

They remained standing where they were while Minnawa glided towards the door for the purpose of passing out. But just as she reached it her quick ear detected a sound upon the other side, and she had hardly time to gain the obscurity of the shadows that lingered in a corner near the entrance, when the door was flung violently open, and the renegade burst into the room, followed by three stalwart savages.

For a moment our friends were so dumbfounded by the sudden appearance of their enemies that they were incapable of motion.

It seemed to them at that moment that all was lost. No possible way of escape appeared open before them.

Their enemies were two to one, well armed, while they had nothing with which to defend themselves except the knife of the dwarf, which was in the hand of the ranger.

But Dick did not despair. He had been in too many desperate straits before to be appalled by the odds against them.

The sight of the renegade seemed to endow him with double the strength which he usually possessed.

With one giant stride he stepped in front of Simon and the sisters, and half-way to where the renegade stood. With the knife held menacingly in his hand, he exclaimed:

"Come on, Sam Green! I've longed for the time when I could meet you face to face. If you are not the biggest coward in all this region, you will let your red-skins stand back, and you and I fight it out together. Come on, I say, and this knife shall strike for your black heart and for vengeance. Come, do you mean to measure your strength with me?"

CHAPTER XIV.

A MOCKING laugh burst from the lips of the renegade.

"Do you think that I am mad?" he said. "I have measured strength with you before. I know in that respect I am no match for you, and once in your grasp you could do with me as you please. But I shall take care to keep out of it. You are in my power, and now you shall die. I would have saved you for a worse fate, but I see that it is not to be. Die you shall, and at once. For years you have hunted me, but now the tables are turned, and your last moments have come. Stand aside that the maidens may not shield you, unless you are the coward instead of me."

As he concluded, he grasped a tomahawk that he carried in his belt as though it was his purpose to lay it at once in the brain of the ranger. But Dick did not give him any too much time. With a bound he sprang upon him, and had clutched him by the throat before he had time to raise his weapon.

"Vengeance is mine now," he cried. "I knew it would come at last. Do you remember how my wife and little ones cried for mercy at your hands? You had none for them, and I have none for you now."

The renegade exerted all his strength, but he was powerless in the hands of the avenger. The great strength of the Wood Giant was exerted to the utmost, and his opponent was but a child in his grasp. With the fingers of his left hand fixed like a vice upon the renegade's throat, he forced him backwards to the earth, and with his right held the knife aloft to bury it to the hilt in his bosom.

But, sure as he felt of vengeance at that moment, he was not destined to have it then. The savages, who up to this moment had remained motionless behind their leader, now sprang forward to save his life. One of them caught the arm of Dick as he descended, and turned aside the blow that was meant for the heart of the renegade. But he paid dearly for his interference, for, quick as thought, the ranger raised his arm again, and aimed at him a blow which sent him reeling to the earth.

This the Wood Giant did without letting go

his hold upon the throat of the renegade, who was writhing in his grasp like a snake beneath his heel. The other savages now sprang upon the Wood Giant, and with their knives endeavoured to give him a fatal blow.

Simon, who saw the desperate strait of the ranger, could remain a motionless spectator no longer. Unarmed as he was, he felt that his place was in the fray, and he sprang forward and aimed a blow with his clenched fist at the savage nearest him.

So well directed was the blow, and with such force was it planted, that the savage reeled for a moment as if about to fall to the earth. In that moment Simon saw his opportunity, and with the quickness of thought he wrenched his knife from him, and, before the savage had fully recovered his feet, he planted it in his breast, and his victim went down like a clod.

Meanwhile, with one hand, Dick was keeping the remaining savage at bay, while the other remained fast upon the throat of the renegade, whose life was ebbing away. It was a fearful death that he was dying, and one that befitted his many crimes. But Dick was not satisfied with this. He wished the renegade to feel his knife in his very heart. Nothing short of this he felt would be like the vengeance he desired.

The moment came soon. One savage disposed of, Simon turned upon the other whom the ranger was trying to keep at bay. The first two blows Simon aimed at him the savage parried, but in the third he was not successful.

Dick struck at him the same moment. The latter blow the red-skin parried, but the knife of Simon was driven to the hilt in his side. With a cry he fell forward across the body of one of the prostrate savages, incapable of doing our friends farther mischief.

No enemy had they present now except the half-suffocated renegade.

With savage delight the Wood Giant once more turned his undivided attention to him.

"Now die! you black-hearted villain!" he cried as he once more raised his arm aloft.

This time there was no power to prevent its doing its work.

The knife descended, and was buried to the hilt in the heart of the renegade.

"Now I am avenged!" cried the Wood Giant as he thrust the lifeless body of the renegade from him. "For years have I been on that villain's trail, and more than once have I prayed in my rough way for this moment. But all the time I have felt sure that he would be given into my hands at last!"

"He well deserved the fate he has received," said Simon.

"So he did. But hark! Who's coming?"

Hardly had the words escaped his lips before, with a bound, Springing Panther leapt into the room, followed by a couple of his warriors.

His eye took in at a glance the scene about him, and he fairly trembled with rage when he comprehended all.

For a moment there was an ominous silence, like the stillness that precedes a storm.

Then he spoke with a voice that was full of concentrated passion:

"Let the pale-faces die. Let none of them live to see the light of another sun. The chief has spoken. Let the warriors see that he is obeyed."

As he uttered these words he took a step towards our friends, who stood boldly confronting them, undaunted by this new struggle for life which they saw before them.

"This is a game that two can play at, Springing Panther," exclaimed the ranger. "There lies your white brother in wickedness, and you'll be stretched out along there with him if you don't mind your own business and get out of here as soon as you can."

To this Springing Panther made no reply except by a menacing gesture, and in a moment more the struggle for life or death would have been renewed had not the sound of hasty footsteps without attracted their attention, and the next moment Pat Malloy bounded into the room, flourishing a huge club about his head, and crying at the top of his voice:

"Come on, ye haythens! It is Pat Malloy who will be after cracking the heads of ivery mother's son of ye! If ye are spilling for a fight, jest lay as much as the weight of yer little finger upon me, an' I'll crack yer head in a twinkling!"

To say which party was the most astonished at this unlooked-for appearance would be hard to tell. Neither could see how it was that he had obtained his liberty. But in a moment this was all made clear, for the Indian girl glided in, followed by Rube Granger and Philip; then our friends knew that she had passed out of the room unseen by any to bring them to their assistance.

The sight of the renegade lying weltering in his blood upon the floor seemed for a moment to turn

the Indian girl to stone. Then, with her hand outstretched to it, she said, gazing up into the face of Springing Panther:

"Let the chief listen to the words of Minnoma. The white warrior whom she loved has gone to the Spirit Land. His tongue will never move, or his eyes open again. He brought his fate upon his own head. Had he been true to the words he spoke in the ears of Minnoma by the singing brook, all would be well now; but he forgot them, and there he lies. Let Springing Panther take warning by him. Let him not seek to do farther harm to the pale-faces, unless he would share the white warrior's fate."

The chief had been gazing about him as she spoke, and now he inclined his head as though he had taken heed of her words. He saw the determined men opposed to him, and knew there was little hope for him to carry out the orders he had given.

"The words of Minnoma are those of wisdom," he said. "Many warriors have fallen, and their spirits are in the happy hunting-grounds beyond the skies. Springing Panther will not try to prevent that which the Great Spirit would have otherwise. The pale-faces may go. He will not try to harm them farther."

With these words he turned and walked out of the chamber with his two surviving warriors at his heels.

Dick was hardly satisfied with this. His party was in the ascendancy now, and, as he expressed it, he wanted "to clear out the whole lot." In this laudable desire he was seconded by Pat, who declared that he would have the blood of "ivery mother's son of 'em." But the Indian girl interposed, seconded by Ruth and Edith, and they, feeling that they owed so much to her for their escape, consented that it should be as they wished.

All felt that no time should be lost in leaving the cavern behind them, for they could not feel that they were safe until they were beneath the starlit sky without.

Flourishing his club about his head, and defying all the savages in that region to "come on if they were after wanting a bating," the Irishman went before, with Dick and Rube close behind him. Then came Simon and Philip with Ruth and Edith upon their arms.

The Indian girl they left standing with her eyes fixed upon the form of the renegade.

The body of the dwarf lay where he had fallen; they stepped over it and out into the main apartment beyond.

There was no one there to molest them, and they passed on.

The way was not difficult to follow, and in a little time they emerged from beneath the cliffs and stood in the little valley.

The joy that was in their hearts at that moment we will not attempt to describe. Pon could not do it justice.

Their faces were set at once towards the settlement, and in due time they reached it without any adventures worthy to be narrated.

Not long after this there was a double wedding in the settlement. We need not say whose it was. The Wood Giant was present, and if there was one happier than he it was Pat Malloy.

Gladly the settlers would have kept the Wood Giant with them, but to this he would not consent. His home in the forest was dearest to him, and there he spent most of his time. But he was ever their friend; and whenever the savages became troublesome he was always ready and willing to aid them.

The fate of Minnoma was never known, but our friends ever remembered her with gratitude, for whatever her motive—it was to her that they mainly owed their lives and present happiness.

THE END.

ORANGE WOOD.—Indigenous to Texas, orange wood is there valued highly for carriage and wagon building. Changes of weather never affect it, and wheels made of it have been in use for ten or fifteen years without needing repair, while other wheels in the same locality require to have the tires shrunk once a year. Vehicles built of this wood command higher prices by 30 per cent. than those of ordinary timber. The wood yields a beautiful orange dye, for which the sawdust, now valueless, can no doubt be used.

THE NEW METROPOLIS WATER ACT.—Recently was issued the Act to amend the Metropolis Water Act, 1852, and to make farther provision for the due supply of water to the metropolis and certain places in the neighbourhood thereof. There are fifty-one sections in the Act and three schedules. The object of the statute, as expressed in the preamble, is to make farther provision for securing to the metropolis a constant supply of pure and wholesome water. It is with the recited Act (15 and 16 Vict., c. 84) to be construed as one Act. "From and after the passing of this Act (August 21) every company shall on Sundays as on other days supply

sufficient pure and wholesome water for the domestic use of the inhabitants within their water limits." After eight months from the passing of the Act every company, when required so to do in the manner directed, is to provide and keep throughout its water limits a constant supply of water for domestic purposes, and make such water reach the top storey. After six months from the passing, the metropolitan authority may make application for a constant supply within such district, and, when not provided, an appeal is given to the Board of Trade. There are various regulations set forth in the statute, which are to be published, and penalties to be recovered for non-compliance. The companies may require owners and occupiers to provide proper "fittings," which term includes communication pipes, and also all pipes, cocks, cisterns, etc., used or intended for supply of water by a company to a consumer, and for that purpose placed in or about the premises of the consumer. Power is given to enter premises for the inspection and repair of the fittings. There are provisions as to fire-plugs. The Board of Trade may appoint persons to inquire and report on the quality of the water. There are various other provisions to carry out the preamble, and there is a section that an incoming tenant is not to pay the arrears of the outgoing tenant unless by express agreement. The schedules annexed to the statute explain the metropolitan authority, the districts, and the companies mentioned in the Act.

LIFE'S SHADOWS.

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTAIN HOLM, well pleased with the train he had laid for undermining the happiness of the Marquis and Marchioness of Thornhurst, leisurely pursued his journey through the gloom of the dark December night back towards Cottingham. The wind still blew in strongly and with a salt odour from the sea. The air was heavy and moist, with a strange, penetrating chill that made its way through all his wrappings to the very bones of the traveller.

There was barely light enough to permit Holm to see his way. In that portion of the road bordered on both sides by the woods of Thornhurst the darkness was almost impenetrable; but a mile or two farther on, where fields and meadows, separated from the highway by tall hedges, stretched on either hand, the dense gloom greatly lessened.

Holm walked on, swinging his arms, over the rough Yorkshire roads, passing now and then some pleasant country lane from which the December winds had stolen the brightness and verdure. Three hours of steady exertion brought him to Cottingham. It was then about ten o'clock, but Holm had no difficulty in finding an inn and securing lodgings for the night.

The next morning he departed by train for London.

On arriving in town he proceeded to a quiet hotel at the West End, which he had formerly patronized, and settled himself into agreeable quarters.

His next movement was to begin a search for little Georgia, or Tessa as he had chosen to name her.

The task was one of peculiar difficulty. Nine years had passed since the pale London clerk had rescued the child from the cruel hands of the repulsive Mrs. Kiggs, and not a trace or clue to his name or identity could be found. He might be dead. He might have emigrated to New Zealand, or some other distant British colony. The girl too might have died; or she might have abandoned her protector, and gone out upon the world to earn her own living.

Holm made these reflections in his pleasant chamber at his hotel, with a bottle of wine at his elbow and a pipe and a jar of tobacco in front of him.

"I am sure I don't know which way to turn in looking for her," he muttered. "I don't like to employ a detective. I should have to pay no end of money to one of them, and get no good by it. I'll stake myself against any detective in the matter of sharpness and intuition. I outwitted them pretty well when I carried off the child fourteen years ago. Let me see. She must be seventeen now. Makes a fellow feel old to have a daughter of that age. I think, as the clerk was no doubt an honest, plodding fellow, I'll come out openly and advertise for him."

He acted upon the idea. He rang his bell and ordered up writing materials. They were brought. Holm placed them upon a small table, which he wheeled up to a window, the day being gray and gloomy like most winter days in London, and sat down, pipe in mouth, to concoct an advertisement which should effect the object he desired, without betraying him to Colonel Redruth or Lady Thornhurst, should either chance to read the advertisement.

"I have no aptitude for this sort of business," thought Holm as he spoiled sheet after sheet of Bath letter-paper, "but I'll get it to suit me before I have done with it. The difficulty is just here—to say enough and not say too much. In this delicate affair I can't be too guarded."

After nearly an hour's diligent labour, occasionally relieved by puffs at his pipe and sips from his wine bottle, he achieved what he considered a decided success. Withdrawing his pipe from his mouth, he read aloud the notice he had penned. It was brief and to the following purport:

"If the London clerk who removed little Tessa from the 'Pig and Thistle' nine years ago—in April, 1855—will send his address to D. H., Chapley's Hotel, Piccadilly, he will hear of something greatly to his advantage."

Captain Holm studied this advertisement closely, and could find no flaw in it.

"Ignatia might read that and never think that it in any way interested her," he thought. "That was a good idea of mine—that of changing the child's name. Ignatia was insufferably insolent to tell me, that day at Twickenham, that she had named the child 'Georgia Redruth,' after, as she expressed it, 'an honourable man'—the doughty, war-eyed colonel of course. No child of mine should be named after George Redruth, I can tell her. I preferred to give the girl an old, piquant little name by which I might recognize her if I met her at Spitzbergen. She is known as Tessa to-day, and her name will, without doubt, assist in the identification. One may find a hundred Georgias where there is not a single Tessa."

The notice he had written he put in his purse, after duplicating and reduplicating it, and donned his top-coat and hat, seized an umbrella, and made his way down into the street. He hailed a hansom cab standing at the corner, and gave his order—Printing House Square.

It was a long, jolting ride, through streets more or less impeded by traffic, but Holm reached the grim square at last, and alighted, making his way to the *Times* office. He presented his advertisement at the proper place, but found, to his dismay, that it could not appear in the paper under three days.

"Of course the advertisement must appear in the *Times*," he thought. "All merchants take the *Times*, and the fellow would be sure to see it. I shall have to be patient, that's all."

He procured the insertion of the "personal" notice in the famous second column of the paper, and, having paid for it, took his leave.

"However," thought Holm, making his way back to his hansom, "I shall have to insert the notice in a few of the penny papers such as a person of his position would be likely to see. Jehu!" he added, aloud, pausing by the side of the cab to address the driver, who sat perched up behind, wrapped in a coat with multitudinous capes. "Drive to Fleet Street and the Strand."

"Yes, sir," said the driver, gathering up his reins.

Holm entered the cab, and continued his journey among the printing offices. The *Telegraph* and two other dailies received his advertisement, promising insertion without the delay of the *Times*.

Well pleased with his day's work, Holm returned to his hotel.

The next day, having nothing to do, he set himself to learn the whereabouts and condition in life of his former friend and admirer Ensign Todhetly, who had sold out of his regiment and quitted Canada at about the same time Holm had disposed of his commission and begun a roving life upon the American continent.

Captain Holm knew only that his old friend had returned to England. A study of the manual of "County Families" revealed to him the fact that Todhetly had succeeded to his father's estates in Dorset, and that he was unmarried. Acting upon the impulse of the moment, Holm wrote to his former friend, announcing his own return to England, and expressing a desire to hear from Todhetly. He despatched this letter, albeit with some fear that his old friend might have changed his mode of life and become steady and quietly respectable.

The week wore on. The advertisements from which Holm hoped so much were not answered. No pale clerk appeared at Chapley's Hotel and demanded to see "D. H.," and learn "something to his advantage." Holm repeated the publication of the notice without effect. He began to despair, making up his mind that the clerk had emigrated, or that the girl and clerk, one or both, were dead.

He was sitting in his room one morning sulkily despondent, and quite at his wits' end to know what to do next, when a thundering knock was heard at his door, and a man came boisterously into his room.

Holm arose angrily to resent the intrusion, when the visitor uttered a loud laugh which Holm instantly recognized.

"Todhetly, by all that's wonderful!" ejaculated Holm, springing forward and extending his hand.

Todhetly grasped it with a force that brought tears to Holm's eyes.

"You've changed, Tod, since we parted," said Holm, surveying his friend critically. "But for that horse-laugh of yours, I shouldn't have known you. How are you, old boy? You've come into your property at last, eh? The old gentleman can't out you down on your allowance now-a-days, I understand?"

"No, indeed," said Todhetly, with another laugh. "I'm my own master now, Holm. Not a soul in the world—not even a wife—to hamper me. Glad to see you back. I heard you'd got shot out in America, and, by Jove, when I was up in Lincolnshire I told that grenadier of a Miss Jacob Redruth that you were done for at last. How has the world served you, my boy?"

"Nasty, as usual," answered Holm. "You seem to have all the luck. My governor out me years ago—took my name out of his will, and all that, you know. But I've fallen heir to a little property since I came back—a regular fine income, you understand—and I can afford to snap my fingers at the Holm family. Have you turned 'proper,' Tod? You haven't put on your father's cant with his shoes, eh?"

"Not I," declared Todhetly, flushing as under an insult. "Do I look as if I had?"

Holm could not say that he did.

Todhetly was a tall, florid man, nearly forty years old, with a round, ruddy face and light-coloured eyes. He was heavy in form and feature; not too quick of apprehension; fond of his table and his wine, and given as of old to "riotous living." In Dorset, where he lived, he was known as the "wild young squire." He had been justice of the peace, and still held that office, unfit as he was for it. He was fond of following the hounds, was a skilful fox-hunter, and kept a yacht off the Dorset coast. He betted at every race of note in England, and generally entered a horse at the minor races with a greater or less degree of success. People in Dorset said that he was doing his best to fritter away a fine estate. He was, in short, boisterous, rollicking, wild, and not at all troubled with scruples of conscience.

There is an old saying to the effect that a man who is given to laughter can never be a villain. Yet every rule has its exceptions. The greatest apologist for Tom Todhetly could not deny, despite his boisterous laugh, that he had a capacity to become a villain of a decidedly ruffianly description.

"Sit down," said Holm, proffering a chair. "I'll ring for brandy. I suppose you enjoy life down in Dorset?"

"I manage to," answered Todhetly. "I've got a young horse in training for Ascot—regular stunner. Perhaps you've heard of him. Name's Blue Jacket. No? What a benighted region those states of America must be! Blue Jacket is sure to win the cup this year. Nobody suspects his speed. Dark horse, you understand."

Holm rang for brandy, and the two men spent hours in drinking and recalling the past. It came out that Todhetly had come up to London for the express purpose of taking back with him to his bachelor establishment his old friend. Holm could not go at once, desiring to keep his appointment with Lady Thornhurst, and to win the thousand pounds offered him for an interview with Tessa, but he promised to run down into Dorset in a fortnight's time, and with this promise Todhetly was forced to be content.

The Dorset squire remained in town a day or two, but, fearing to leave his beloved Blue Jacket too long to the care of trainers, returned home, urging Holm to follow him as early as possible.

"Business before pleasure," soliloquized Holm, on being left again alone. "Friendship must wait upon revenge. I've got a big game on hand, and although I am willing to amuse myself in the interludes I must adhere to business."

His advertisements having availed him nothing, he set to work to devise some new plan for discovering Tessa.

Some two or three days thus passed, and his mind was still in a state of chaos. At last the idea came to him to visit the inn at Plymouth, the address card of which Dennis had innocently given to Mrs. Kiggs in the stead of his own. Holm fancied that by turning over the books at the Plymouth inn he might find the name and address of the London clerk who had befriended Tessa.

He went down to Plymouth at once. But he found that the inn had been destroyed by fire some years before, and that the books and registers had been burned with it. Its proprietor had emigrated to Australia.

Nothing remained but to journey back to London.

Two weeks passed, still Holm sent no message to Lady Thornhurst to come up to town. He began to fear that after all he should be baulked of his revenge. He grew nervous, irritable, desperate.

It was about this time that he strolled into the Haymarket Theatre one evening to lose his burning sense of disappointment in witnessing a new play.

He sat out half the performance, then arose between the acts wearied and disgusted, and made his way out into the street.

He paused at the entrance to the theatre, uncertain whether to return to the hotel or to take a stroll through the streets. In the midst of his uncertainty his wandering gaze rested upon a young girl with a basket of flowers upon her arm standing upon the pavement. She held in her hand two or three button-hole bouquets, and as she met the captain's gaze she held them up, soliciting his patronage.

Holm walked slowly towards her, looking at her closely.

She was about seventeen, if one might judge from her features, which were, however, half hidden in the shadow of a thin shawl, drawn tightly over her head and pinned together over her breast. Her garments were old and coarse, and hung in tatters, while her toes peeped through her worn shoes, of which latter the strings dangled upon the ground.

Her flowers were of a cheap description. Captain Holm bent over her basket and engaged in the selection of a bunch of violets that were not utterly wilted. Looking up abruptly, and with a purpose, he met her full gaze.

"Her eyes are blue," he said to himself. "I thought so!"

He selected a penny bunch, and dropped a sixpence in the basket, declining to receive any change.

"This is a hard way to get a living," he observed, sympathizingly.

"Indeed you may say so, sir," responded the girl. "Some of these flowers are left over from yesterday, as you see, sir, and they're a dead loss, though I offer them for a ha'penny the bunch. They help to fill out the basket, and that's all, sir."

"Do you have anybody to support besides yourself?" asked Holm.

"No one, sir; I'm all alone."

"What! Have you no father or mother?"

"No, sir," answered the girl, bitterly. "I s'pose I had once, like other folks, but I don't remember 'em. They didn't care nothing about me, anyhow, nor I don't care nothing about them."

"With whom do you live, then?"

"I live alone—that is, I lodge with an old flower woman, along of some other girls in this business. The old flower woman brought me up, but she's no relation to me."

"Ah!" said Holm, thoughtfully.

Then, feeling disinclined to prolong the conversation in such a frequented spot, Holm added, abruptly:

"Walk down with me towards Trafalgar Square. I want to talk with you."

The girl's face flushed.

"I—I can't go," she said, sturdily.

"I don't mean you any harm," returned Holm.

"In fact, if you will do as I say, I will do you a great good. It will do you no hurt to come down the street with me. If you don't like what I say, why, you know the way back. No one can harm you in the street. Will you come?"

"It can do no harm for me to walk along of you, sir," muttered the girl, after a searching glance into his bloated, satyr-like face, reading neither admiration nor insult in it, "but it would look better for you to go ahead, sir, and me to follow."

Holm led the way through Pall Mall to Trafalgar Square. He halted under a gas-lamp at Charing Cross for the girl to come up. She advanced and stood beside him, with something of wonder and something of apprehension in her features.

"What is your name?" asked Holm, pretending to explore her flower basket.

"Jina Galgy," was the response.

"Jina—what?" ejaculated Holm. "Why, that's a heathen patronymic. Jina—"

"It's the best I've got!" snapped the girl, sulkily. "Poor folks have to have such names as is give to 'em. My whole name was Georgyina Galgy, but it got shortened to Jina. If all you wanted of me, sir, was to laugh at my name, I'll go back to the Haymarket."

"I wasn't laughing at your name, girl," protested Holm, aloud, while within himself he added:

"Georgina! That's a coincidence! For all I know this girl may be my own daughter. Her story is certainly ambiguous enough."

Dropping the flowers he held, he said, coming to the point at which he had been aiming:

"Drop your shawl upon your shoulders, my girl, and let me see your face. If it suit me I'll tell you something. If it don't, I'll give you a shilling and send you back."

The girl felt relieved.

"He's a painter chap," she thought, "like the one that painted my picture last year. If my face suits him I'll get a guinea for sitting to him, I'll be bound!"

Smiling at the prospect she had conjured, she dropped her shawl from her face and neck, and stepped into the full glare of the gas-light.

CHAPTER XX.

THE face which the flower girl thus fully revealed to Captain Holm for the first time since their chance meeting was certainly pretty, although it was marred by a bold look and an expression of shrewdness and cunning.

Her prettiness was of a pure blonde type. Her complexion must have been originally very fair, but was now tanned and roughened by years of exposure to the weather. Her hair was of a pale golden hue, a little faded in tint, and gathered tightly into a hard knot at the back of her head. Her eyes were blue—a bright China blue—and bold and unflinching. Her beauty had a washed-out look, but was sufficiently marked and distinct to make a profound impression upon Captain Holm.

"I think if she were carefully instructed," thought Holm, "that she could be imposed upon Ignatia in place of little Tessa. Why not? Blue eyes, golden hair, and originally delicate complexion—she may look precisely like little Tessa. Who is to know the difference?"

The girl's figure was good, although giving promise of stoutness. Her hands and feet were small. Holm regarded her in the light of a speculation, and did not fail to notice all these points.

"Well," said the girl, brusquely, "will I suit?" "I am looking, and have been looking for the past fortnight, for a girl of your age and appearance," said Captain Holm, with seeming frankness. "You may be the very girl I am searching for. Your hair and eyes answer the description—"

"Do you want to paint a picture?" demanded the girl.

"No, the girl I am looking for is the daughter of a rich lady."

The girl's face flamed suddenly. Her lips quivered with eagerness. Her bright blue eyes shone and glittered with a scintillant radiance.

"Do you think I'm the girl?" she ejaculated, laying one grimy hand upon the delicate kid glove of Holm, in her anxiety. "But no, I cannot be. The woman I live with says my folks were somebody, but they left me—hired Mrs. Walters to keep me, you know. They paid her a year or two, and then dropped off, and never so much as asked if I was livin'. I don't remember none of my own folks."

There was a vein of romance in the flower girl's nature, as Holm thus perceived. He was the man to take advantage of it in a manner to benefit himself. He did not altogether credit her romantic story of herself, yet it was quite evident that she believed it.

In good truth, the girl's history was simple, and without a spice of romance. She was the daughter of hucksters who lived in Whitechapel. The mother had died in the girl's infancy. The father, with an eye to disburdening himself of his offspring, had hired the flower woman, Mrs. Walters, to take charge of her, and had paid her for doing so for a year or two. At the end of that period he had moved suddenly to new quarters, purposely neglecting to inform Mrs. Walters of his change of address, and he was at that very moment somewhere over in Surrey, living in a crowded alley, with a vigorous, snappish second Mrs. Galgy and a crop of red-haired children.

Mrs. Walters had kept the girl to sell flowers, her pretty face attracting customers. Mrs. Walters was a morose sort of woman, given to drinking gin, and although she well knew Jina's pedigree she kept it to herself. The girl had attended a theatre several times, and her imagination thus stimulated, she had contrived a very pretty romance of which she was the heroine. As her fancies in no way interfered with her attention to business Mrs. Walters did not take the trouble, if she was aware of them, to undeceive her.

"You may be the girl," said Captain Holm, artfully. "I don't see why not. The girl I'm seeking is seventeen."

"I'm seventeen," interrupted the flower girl, eagerly.

"The girl I'm looking for was stolen from her mother by her father, who put her with a poor woman to board, then abandoned her."

"That is something like me," cried the girl.

"The girl I want is named Georgia."

"My name is Georgy."

"I think you are the girl," said Holm. "I am willing to risk something in the matter. The lady who wants to find her daughter is rich and noble."

"Like the ladies who sit in the boxes at the theatre? Does she wear diamonds and lace and silk?"

"Yes, all of those. She lives in the country, but is coming to town to see her daughter. Here is a chance for you, Georgina. If you choose to abandon your present mode of life, I can promise you a better. But you must agree to cast aside your basket of flowers now and here, and not to go back to Mrs. Walters, or to attempt to see any of your old friends."

"Not to see any of my old friends," repeated Jina, thoughtfully, half-regretfully.

"Is there any old friend you want to see?" asked Holm.

"Only Kit Asko. He's a theatre carpenter, and as handsome as a picture. He and me is engaged; but, of course, if I'm a great lady I can't marry him," and a shadow crossed the girl's face. "Kit was always good to me. He never comes to see me of a Sunday without his pockets full of winkles and prawns and shrimps. He's free-handed is Kit, and he sets the world by me. I don't know as any rich relations would be to me what Kit is. I should like to see Kit—"

"Oh, very well," said Captain Holm, coldly. "If you want to go back to your miserable home, go. Our negotiations end here in that case."

He turned to go away. As he expected, the girl detained him.

"Wait, sir," she said, irresolutely. "Suppose I give up Kit, then should prove not to be the lady's daughter—what then?"

"Then I'll give you twenty pounds and let you go home to your humble friends," said Holm, promptly. "The lady must see you, and, if she accept you as her child, you'll be provided for. If not, you'll be the gainer anyhow."

The girl meditated. She was vain, and had an absolute longing for dress and jewellery and ease. In her heart she had little or no faith that she was the girl of whom Holm was in search, and she was shrewd enough to see that he desired her to play a part in some imposture to be practised upon the lady to whom he referred. But she had never possessed a whole sovereign in her life. The promise of twenty pounds, in the event of her return to her present mode of life, actually dazzled her. The possibility of rejecting Holm's overtures after receiving that promise did not occur to her.

"I'll go with you, sir, since I am to lose nothing by it," she said, slowly. "Shall we go now?"

She dropped her basket of flowers upon the pavement in readiness to start.

"You are not to go with me to-night," said Holm. "Do you know of any cheap lodging-house where you can stay till morning, and where no one will question you?"

The girl nodded.

"Go there then. In the morning buy for yourself decent shoes, and a fresh gown and bonnet, and so on. Make yourself look like a lady, if possible. If I will give you two pounds, will you dress yourself in the morning, and come to me at mid-day at Chapley's Hotel, Piccadilly? You will not cheat me?"

The girl faced him honestly, promising to be there at the hour appointed.

"I'll trust you," said Captain Holm. "It's a risk, but I'll take it. Here's your money," and he handed her a couple of sovereigns. "Ask for Captain Holm, room thirty. If you are the girl I want, or if the lady take you without question to be that girl, you shall have silks and jewels like any lady of them all. If she refuse to believe that you are the girl you shall go back to your flower woman and stage carpenter with your new clothes and twenty pounds in your pocket. You must ask no questions. You must obey me. Is it a bargain?"

"It is, sir," the girl answered, jingling the two coins in her hand. "You may depend upon me, sir. I'd like to be a lady, and I do hope the lady will take me for her daughter."

Holm talked with her still farther, then dismissed her, returning to his hotel.

"A good idea, if it will only work," he thought. "It all depends upon Ignatia's motherly instinct. This flower girl has a look not unlike Tessa. As to her vulgarity and ignorance, they may disgust Ignatia. I'll try the experiment, anyhow. The girl is vain and shrewd, and would do anything for money except sell herself. The instinct of virtue is strong within her, and that may commend her to Ignatia. I can train her—yes, I'll try it!"

Having thus decided, he went out the next morning and secured lodgings for the girl in a quiet street opening out of Piccadilly, describing the girl as his daughter, and paying a week's rent in advance.

He then returned to his hotel. At noon precisely a knock was heard upon his door, and, in reply to his summons, the flower girl entered.

She was looking anxious and somewhat haggard, as if she had slept little, but her air of complacency and self-satisfaction was very marked. She had attired herself after her ideas of elegance, in coloured shoes, a thin and flimsy silk of ancient pattern, bought at a second-hand clothes dealer's, and a white crape shawl, which had been often cleaned, and was of a most dazzling whiteness. A round hat ornamented with a long white feather, very tight and very cheap white kid gloves, and a gold-plated chain that fell below her waist, completed her costume.

Holm looked at her in dismay, but as she came forward with the vain air of a peacock he recovered his equanimity and greeted her politely.

"Is the lady here?" asked Jina, glancing curiously round the room.

"No; she is still in the country. She may not come to town for a week. I have secured lodgings for you where you are to remain until she comes. Remember that you are to be called Miss Holm."

The girl assented, and Captain Holm, putting on his hat and top-coat, took her round to the apartments he had taken for her.

The lodgings were quiet and respectable, consisting of a sitting-room and bedroom. Jina's meals were to be served to her by her landlady. The girl's wonder and delight were worth witnessing as she entered the well-furnished rooms and comprehended that she was their mistress.

That she had done well to desert Mrs. Walters and her lover became no longer a question with her. She was delighted at her good fortune, and would not have deigned to recognize her humble friends could they but have intruded upon her at that moment. In short, her head was completely turned by the change in her life, and she was beginning to reason herself into the conviction that her good fortune was all deserved, and that she was some great heiress who had been all her life defrauded of her rights.

Holm called up the landlady and introduced Jina as his daughter. When the portly woman had gone below to her domain, after a long interview with her lodger and Holm, the girl fixed her bold eyes on the captain and said:

"You told her I was your daughter. What was that for?"

"Because I desire you to be thought such," was the reply. "I do not wish to enlighten you too much concerning my plans, my girl, and you must remember that you are not to ask questions. When the lady comes whom I expect I want you to rush towards her and call her mother. You must do it naturally, as if you believed her to be your mother. If you can persuade yourself so, so much the better."

He remained an hour or so with his protégée, then returned to his hotel. He sat down in his room and wrote a note to Lady Thornhurst, under cover to her maid Martha Bates, in these words:

"The child is with me. Come to the enclosed address within a week."

To this missive he appended his name and Jina's address, and despatched it at once.

The scheme which he had now in progress required considerable finesse, and the deception involved in it gave him a keen and savage delight. It seemed to him that if he could succeed in imposing upon the Marchioness of Thornhurst this street waif as her offspring, and receive pay from her ladyship for so doing, he would be securing the first instalment of that vengeance to execute which had become the mania of his life.

"Let her lavish her kisses upon this vulgar and ignorant little waif," he thought, with a diabolical glee. "Let her clasp her to her heart and weep over her. If she don't know of her own instinct that the girl is of alien blood, I shall not tell her. And she will not know. Instinct is a delusion. She will see a girl with golden hair and blue eyes. This girl will call her mother. There will not be a doubt of the truth, and I shall make a pretty little fortune."

He laughed at the prospect.

He spent the evening with Jina, instructing her in the part she was to play, and half persuading the simple girl that she was indeed a rich lady's daughter. He fostered the girl's vanity and silly romance, and promised her all the luxuries of which she had ever heard if she would only succeed in making a favourable impression upon Lady Thornhurst. And Jina, quite willing to act the part, promised to do her best, and grew excited and anxious in expectation of the mysterious lady's coming.

Holm called upon the girl the next day, and the next. She proved herself a willing pupil, and he began to look upon the promised sum of a thousand pounds as already won.

On the third day, towards evening, as he returned to his hotel from a visit to the flower girl, he found in his letter-box at the hotel a letter stamped with a Lincolnshire postmark and addressed to him in the coarse and gnarly handwriting of Martha Bates.

He tore open the envelope hastily. Within was a letter, without date or signature, in the neat penmanship of Ignatia, Marchioness of Thornhurst. She wrote simply:

"I will call at the specified address on Friday, at four p.m."

Captain Holm uttered an exclamation of satisfaction, and a glow of triumph overspread his face.

"She will be here on Friday," he muttered, "and this is Thursday. The question now is, if the imposture I intend to practise upon her will be apparent to her? Will she receive the girl, or not, as her daughter?"

(To be continued.)

Rhineland.

WALTZ.

Composed in honour of the visit of their Imperial Highnesses, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia, to this country, 1851, by
CARL EMILE.

Grazioso.

PIANO. *p dolce.*

FINE. espres.

D.C. S f

espres.

p dolce.

CODA. Brillante.

poco cres. *FINE.*

CROCHET LACE, COLLAR IN IMITATION POINT LACE, EDGING IN POINT LACE AND EMBROIDERY, &c., &c.

CROCHET LACE.—No. 1.

(Evans's Boar's Head Cotton, No. 16.)

WORK chain stitch alternately with single stitch, then with the same material proceed with lace stitch. The final scallops are crocheted in picots. The illustration shows the pattern so distinctly that it can be worked very easily.

COLLAR IN IMITATION POINT LACE.—No. 2.

THE corners of this collar are in point lace. Mark out the design with lace braid on fine linen, and by means of lace stitch fill up the interstices with fine thread.

EDGING IN POINT LACE AND EMBROIDERY.

No. 3.

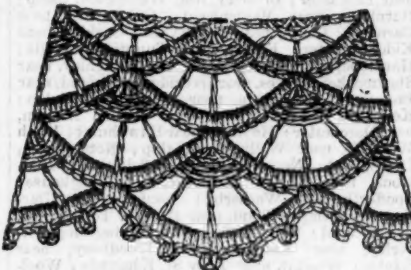
THIS edging consists of net with appliqué of mull muslin, and an additional finish off in point lace. When the design is procured sew on the lace according to illustration, and fill up the intervening spaces with embroidery. For the long pattern use stem stitch, carrying it all round, then remove the muslin.

FASHIONS.

FAILLE.—Lyons silk for winter is called faille. It is simply gros grain, soft and lustrous, with smaller cords than that of last year. Thick reps are objected

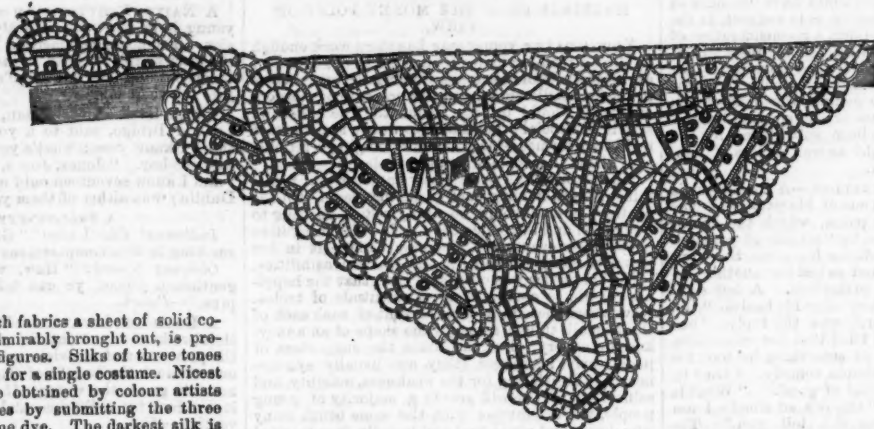
to as they break when folded, catch the dust easily, and soon become rusty. Black faille has rather less blue tinge than has been used of late, but is not yet a full deep black, and its lustre is very slight. The effort to bring glossy taffeta silk into fashion has again failed. For day dresses there are "cloth colours" so dark that they barely escape being black, while evening silks are as pale as possible without being white. In rich fabrics a sheet of solid colour, clear, pure, and admirably brought out, is preferred to any design of figures. Silks of three tones of a colour are imported for a single costume. Nicest gradations of shades are obtained by colour artists in French manufactories by submitting the three pieces of silk to the same dye. The darkest silk is dyed first, then the colour bath is weakened for the second shade, and still farther weakened for the third. The tones then harmonize, and there is no danger of thrusting together a rosy brown and a yellow brown, a bluish-gray and one with pink tints, the beauty of each being destroyed by the other. Among the richest failles the first dark hue quoted for costumes is marine blue, of which three shades are furnished; the darkest is for the under skirt of the costume, the lightest for the polonaise, and the intermediate shade will appear in the trimming. Then comes *noyer*, or walnut colour, rich *sombre* brown tints that will blend beautifully in winter suits; *cendres*, more severe than the soft ashes-of-rose shade formerly seen, is also in three tones; Russian gray, refined blue-gray shades—the first exceedingly dark and the third as light as French gray; *tourterelle*, the familiar dove grays; *feutre*, or felt, a series of drab shades; *cinéaire*, lovely red-purple hues—the lightest like Humboldt purple, the darkest almost wine-colour Van Dyck, the dark oil brown beloved by the great artist; cypress, three darkest green shades, scarcely removed from black; of *lie*, well named for the leas of wine, there are but two shades—as the lighter verges on crimson a third tint would be too red to be acceptable; prune blue, in favour with blondes, is mazarine tinged with gray; *scabieuse* is the rich dahlia-colour introduced last winter; *fumée* is London smoke, the deepest gray, very *sérieux*, as the French say. There is no brilliancy to these shades as they are made only in rich fabrics. *Noyer*

and *cendres* are the colours that we fancy will best please fastidious tastes. The pale tints for evening dresses are also brought out in harmonious shades, though seldom more than two tints are seen. *Indienne* is the delicate blue seen in Oriental fabrics; *syphide* is faint gray without pearl shading; *azalea* is a pink lilac, so pale that it is almost white; *rose-frais* is like the inner petals of blush roses; the cool



CROCHET LACE.—No. 1.

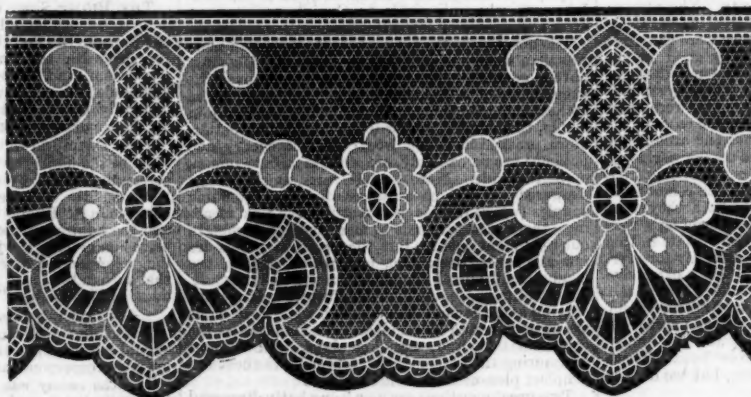
pink lavender called peach-blow is a most acceptable shade; newest lavenders are fairly tinged with blue; water green is as pale as the Nile shade without being overshadowed with gray; faille for wedding toilets is a rich creamy white, instead of that made poor-looking by blue shading; tea-rose, pearl, and Frou



POINT LACE COLLAR.—No. 2.

Frou are repeated from last year. Poul de soie antique, an unwatered moiré of rich doubling chain, far heavier than faille; is brought out in all the evening colours.

BROCADED FAILLE.—An elegant novelty is brocaded faille for over dresses to be worn with trains of



EDGING IN POINT LACE AND EMBROIDERY.—No. 3.

plain faille. The evening colours just mentioned are brought out in this beautiful material. The ground matches the train in colour, and the brocade is a Pompadour bouquet of many colours, or else shaded buds of one colour. Two tints blend charmingly in this way. An India blue figure is most artistically wrought on a pearl ground; wood brown on Isabelle, a sort of flesh tint; lilac is on clear silver, and water

green is on Isly, a new darker green. It is a matter of caprice about arranging broché costumes, as the train may be brocaded and the casaque plain, or the order may be reversed, but it is necessary that one hue should prevail throughout.

SILKS.—Low-priced silks have black grounds with double shaded stripes in satin reps. Of these it is predicted that the brown stripes will be most fashionable, and the range of shades is very wide, beginning with pale blonde, salmon, maize, and continuing through bronze and marron (chestnut) to the Bismarck that met the eye everywhere a few seasons ago. Very rich armure silks are stylishly worn. New patterns, called Renaissance armure, of intricate curved designs, may make it more popular. Elegant suits are fashioned of this in bronze, dove gray, and marine blue shades. Diamond armures, the pattern in tiniest diamonds, is shown in a few evening colours, rich *rose-frais*, water green, cerise, and batiste, the last a pale buff, the colour of unbleached raw silk. For costumes there are armure reps of one colour for the skirt, and striped armure of two harmonizing shades for the over dress.

THE ARMY.—Our modern military authorities buy a horse, and hire a man, and there you have a mounted soldier complete, cavalry or carrier, the thing's done. When Will Shakespeare wrote that at one stage man is a soldier he cunningly omitted any mention of a horse, for it is an Englishman's nature to love the animal, and the great national poet knew too much about the noble quadruped to deem it necessary that a War Minister should be

taught to see the necessity of educating a horse and making him of more value than a moving structure of bones and sinews. Yet we shall hear by-and-bye of some very pretty escapades when our already famous flying columns are on the move. To bring up the rear with baggage waggons in solemn column of route is one thing, but to see the teams waving about by the wild dismay of the carthorses drawing them, mostly borrowed from our mounted artillery, will be quite the other scene for the pencil of the sketchy artists.

Many of these animals will not blink even at the roar of the guns, but will dash to destruction at the rattling fire of infantry, and it would have been conceived that one of the first instructions given would have been, that when the fine horses, few in number for such a great country as England, that have supplied the Continent with such remarkable mounts by thousands, had been gathered at Woolwich, our sage

War Office authorities would have directed that the troops there should have familiarized the horses, while picketed and being fed, to the file-firing of infantry, which tries the nerves of the horse even more than the steam locomotive; but not so, not a cartridge has been burnt to give the new "carters" a spice of the dish awaiting them, yet if there is anything that we more constantly see on field days than another it is the furious excitement of the artillery horses at small-arms firing. Indeed, our infantry mounted officers always demand our sympathy, from the obvious rebellion of their chargers at some moment when the state of a column or line demands their attention. The usually well-mounted private gentleman, who would go over any

country, is in an agitation of body, and irritation of mind and spurs, that overcome the good breeding of bystanders, and if his equitation, the acquisition of which has not been encouraged by any aid from the service, enables him to maintain his equilibrium, it is pretty evident that he would have done anything but cut a good figure before a well-mounted enemy, and it is as often we see the artillery officer, who

has had the advantage of instruction in cavalry riding drill, in just the same predicament. It was always considered by the ancients both honourable and the best strategy to cut off what we term the commissariat supplies, and if the contending generals at our manoeuvres fail to make dashes at our waggon trains, and use cavalry and infantry to take the rear by quick flank movements, and ambuscades, flashing small-arms fire upon the teams, we shall hear of the horses themselves being beyond the control of the little artillery drivers, who are mounted upon fine beasts that require "education" and experience.

A HAPPY THOUGHT.—The great fountain of the Chateau d'Eau is about to be reconstructed. The idea has been suggested of replacing the lions by a colossal statue of Jules Favre, from whose eyes a perpetual torrent would pour down, and fill the basin in one continued stream. The inscription to be, "Not an inch of our territory nor a stone of our fortresses," &c.; and underneath, "Aux armes, citoyens!"

A DRY SHAVE.—It must be presumed that a good deal is taken for granted, even when orders are issued for troops which they are expected implicitly to obey; nevertheless, when we read that "the following articles only will be permitted to be carried into the field during the autumn manoeuvres," we should hardly have expected that anything of essential importance would have been omitted. We find, however, among the articles enumerated a razor and shaving brush, but no soap. A dry shave will be a new experience for Private Smith, who is already sufficiently exasperated that he should have to shave at all. Our chief object, however, is to suggest, in the interest of the British soldier, a reconsideration of the whole question of shaving. The present campaign would surely afford a good opportunity for trying the experiment of dispensing with the razor altogether. What if the genius who omitted the soap had omitted the razor or the shaving-brush? A toothbrush might have been substituted for the latter, and so much weight as well as loss of temper have been economized.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—A good story is told by a physician about one of his patients. The sick man had rheumatic pains, which the doctor thought would be relieved by "nitrate of potash." The patient took the medicine for some time, but was not much benefited, and asked for another remedy, which the doctor prescribed. A few days after he met him, and asked after his health. "Oh, I am getting well, doctor," was the reply; "but 'tain't your medicine. I tried that for some time, till a neighbour told me of something he took for his rheumatism—a very simple remedy. I tried it, and it's done me a great deal of good." "What is it?" asked the doctor. "Oh, it's so simple I am afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you." The doctor promised to control his laughter, and the patient, after much urging, informed him that it was "saltpetre." The doctor was not true to his promise. He laughed heartily, and told the astonished patient that "nitrate of potash" was the chemical name of the substance known to commerce as "saltpetre."

LADIES WITH BLUE-BLACK COMPLEXIONS.—There arrived recently at Richmond Springs two beautiful belles from New York city. Their trains were endless, the costumes wonderful as to fabric, fearful as to expense; rich and rare were the gems they wore, and it was estimated by good judges that their complexions cost at least ten dollars per box. They exercised "pink and white tyranny" over all the poor gentlemen invalids who were seeking health at the springs, and were the envy of the expiring lady invalids who were buzzing around the springs in search of a longer lease of the world and its vanities. These belles arose one morning from refreshing slumbers, and determined to renew their beauty by a sulphur bath. To the bath they went with dazzling flakes of the previous evening's rose and pearl still on their faces. Alas! that, in this instance, a thing of beauty was not a joy for ever. The sulphur changed those lovely, those expensive complexions to blue-black. The colour would not come off. Those complexions were first-class, and warranted to wash, so the belles went away from Richmond Springs in haste. They are now under the care of an expert chemist in New York. There is a moral to this story somewhere, but we do not remember what it is.

POSTAL CHANGES.—On the 2nd of October, and thenceforward, money orders could be obtained at any money-order office in the United Kingdom, payable at any place in the United States of America. The commission chargeable is uniform with that charged on money orders issued on Canada and the colonies generally—viz., on sums not exceeding 2*l.* 1*s.*; on sums above 2*l.* and not exceeding 5*l.* 2*s.*; on sums above 5*l.* and not exceeding 7*l.* 3*s.*; on sums above 7*l.* and not exceeding

10*l.*, 4*s.* No single money order is issued for more than 10*l.* The issue of money orders in the United States, payable at money-order offices in this country, also commenced on the 2nd of October. The undermentioned offices have been opened since the publication of the last list of postal telegraph offices, or were opened for the transaction of telegraphic business on the 20th of September:—England.—Barnoldswick, near Colne; Bramham, near Tadcaster; Broseley, near Wellington, Salop; Burnham, near Maidenhead; Cawthorne, near Barnsley; Colne, near Dorchester; Cookley, near Kidderminster; Frant, near Tunbridge Wells; Hanslope, near Stoney Stratford; Haughley, near Stowmarket; Hayes, near Uxbridge; Hoyland, near Barnsley; Ironbridge, near Wellington, Salop; Kelmarsh, near Northampton; Maiden Newton, near Dorchester; Mayfield, near Hawthurst; Much Wenlock, near Wellington, Salop; Nottingham, Derby-road; Nottingham, Mansfield-road; Radstock, near Bath; Radstrick, near Brighouse; Spofforth, near Wetherby; Stanhope, near Darlington; Temple Cloud, near Bristol; Totterdown, near Bristol; Widdingham, near Darlington; Wolverley, near Kidderminster; Woodbury, near Exeter; Woolpit, near Bury St. Edmunds; Woolton, near Liverpool. Scotland.—Achnacraig, near Oban; Brora, near Golspie; Castletown, near Thurso; Dornoch, near Inverness; Garlieston, Wigtownshire; Killin, near Crieff; Lochearnhead, near Crieff. Ireland.—Annacoe, near Greystones; Ashford, near Wicklow; Draperstown, near Magherafelt; Duleek, near Drogheda; Rathormack, near Fermoy; Slane, near Drogheda.

MARRIAGE FROM THE MONEY POINT OF VIEW.

NOW-A-DAYS a young man has stern work enough to clear a road for himself, since there are scores of eager competitors for a mere living for one. Were it not for heedlessness, and the pressure of passion, marriages would be less frequent. The lower we stop in the social scale the more we see the contract recklessly formed—large families hanging a pitiable load about the necks of young couples.

Much abuse has been lately lavished on men's selfishness in holding back from marriage. On the contrary, a man would be really selfish desiring to wed a girl and introduce her to a life of comparative penury, however much she may believe it in her power to enjoy the new life and its responsibilities.

Nothing truer was ever said than that the happiness of life is composed of a multitude of trifles. Now where there is a chronic want of cash each of these small things assumes the shape of an annoyance or misery. But, maintain the supporters of poor, early marriages (they are usually synonymous), in legislating for the weakness, inability, and selfishness of (we will grant) a majority of young people, you are tarring with the same brush many who desire and could well and happily face married life on what to them would be an adequate income. This is indeed an unanswerable reply to their opponents. You must not do evil that good may accrue. There must be free-trade in marriage, the master protecting himself as he best can against the effects of his *employee's* imprudence. There seems nothing to hinder a reward being held out by the former to the latter; that a small dowry from the employer's resources should be ensured to the careful youth who only yields to Cupid's solicitations after some years of sober toil.

The question is far more whom the poor man marries than when and on what he marries. He must have a genuine helpmeet, who can smile over the ruggedness of a Spartan home, "find sermons in stones, and good in everything." If these two join hands, their united lives will prove healthier, better, more prosperous; but woe! woe! if energy and patience are on one only, or, what is more common, on neither side. Protestations, fears, and warnings showered on the nascent affection of intending couples (where income is scanty) carry this meaning—there are thousands of marriageable women in our redundant island, but the precious jewels are few and far between. So, beware! Extravagance is admittedly one of the bad tendencies of the time. A host of unnecessary luxuries fosters a dangerous craving and a lamentable expenditure. Few of us are strong enough in mind and deed to escape the contamination, and, standing alone, fulfil without murmuring the higher duties, and enjoy the best and simplest pleasures life holds in store.

Two great questions are now being hotly discussed—The Higher Education of Women—Their Entry into the Professions. Few will dispute that the young man of limited income is better fitted to meet the consequences of poor married life than the young lady he may induce to embark with him on the perilous craft. And why? Surely from his rougher, wider, and deeper experience, whether by the teaching of books or the world. If, then, with these advantages the young man of the period escapes the period's detracting influences, we may pity but not

justly condemn the young lady who falls under their sway. Higher education may do much for her, but can it enshrine her from these subtle influences for ever at work? Education, true education of the heart, is a desideratum, and it seems questionable whether this training, as well as loftier mental training, will not be dangerously combated by social agencies tending forcibly to make women artificial, and, like hot-house flowers, unfit for the rough blasts of out-door life. H. M.

FACETIÆ.

WHEELS go best when they are thoroughly tired. THE sun has been "spotted again" by an indefatigable astronomer.

THE LATEST FROM THE JETTY.—When is a clever man like a bathing machine?—When he requires to be drawn out.—*Fun.*

HIS ORIGINAL CHARACTER. 'Arry: "Wot, don't get on fust class with the girls? Yer should do as I do—it's easy enough to make believe you're spoony."—*Fun.*

CONUNDRUM FOR THE COURT.—Said Jones to Brown, of the Stock Exchange, "What members of the Royal Family is named in the half-a-bit?" Brown gave it up. Jones told him—"The Prince and Princess of Hess(e)."—*Punch.*

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.—Young men now-a-days have a shocking regard for the Scriptures. Solomon said, "Go to the ant, thou sluggard;" yet the majority of our sluggards irreverently persist in going to their uncles!

A NAIVE REQUEST.—An anecdote is told of a young lady who was recently on a driving excursion. The horse commenced kicking, when she, in the most simple manner, requested her companion to get out and hold the horse's leg, or he might injure the vehicle.

KNEW HIM.—An Irishman, who was standing on London Bridge, said to a youth: "Faith and I think I know yees; what's yer name?" "Jones," said the boy. "Jones, Jones," said the Irishman; "and I know seventeen odd moids by that name in Dublin; was aither of them yer mither?"

A FELLOW-FEELING. Indignant Old Lady: "Guard, do you allow smoking in this compartment?"

Obliging Guard: "Haw, weel, if name o' the gentlemen object, ye can tak' a bit draw o' the pipe."—*Punch.*

A BOON TO INVALIDS.—We are happy to say that we have found out the only thing to take for the prevention of sea-sickness. We hasten to give our readers the benefit of it. It is a solemn vow never to go on the water. If this is kept carefully it will last for a lifetime and is an infallible preventive.—*Fun.*

A COOL CUSTOMER. Tradesman (creditor): "Glad to see you, sir!" Swell (debtor): "Augh, Mr. Skimpidge, you've reminded me more than once of an account you have against me. Business is business! Would you prefer a cheque, which will not be honoured—a bill at three months, which will not be taken up—or a notice from the Bankruptcy Court that I'm going up on the 16th?"—*Punch.*

THE RIGHT SORT OF STUFF.—At last justice is done to something in Ireland! The agitation which the Church Bill and the Land Bill have both failed to extinguish the Autumn Fashions will conquer. Fenianism and Ribbonism, and every other disagreeable "ism," must decline when it becomes generally known that "the material most in vogue at the moment is Irish poplin."—*Punch.*

THE DAMAGE.—A couple—rather green—once went to the house of Mr. W. to be married. The ceremony being over, the bridegroom inquired, "What is the damage?" "Nothing," replied the clergyman; "I hope there is no damage done;" and the happy pair departed, congratulating themselves on getting the job done so cheaply. But not long after they quarrelled and separated, which led the husband to say that "Mr. W. didn't lay the damage high enough."

OUR MILITARY INSTRUCTORS. Describing some manoeuvres near the camp which should have been in Berkshire, one of our intensely military correspondents tells us this:

"As the enemy was merely skeleton, we determined to examine the rear of the line, more especially on the point of reserves."

A skeleton enemy! What a horrid foe to fight with! Ordinary flesh and blood would surely shrink from meeting an "enemy merely skeleton."—*Punch.*

INDESTRUCTIBLE ROSES. A contemporary states that the railings of the Victoria Embankment are being coated with a pigment called "indestructible paint," manufactured by a company ready to supply any amount of it, and

that the same description of paint was used on the Holborn Viaduct. Perhaps this paint is producible in all colours—Jezabel's "bloom" among them. If so, a single application would impart a permanent crimson to the numerous cheeks which now exhibit a temporary patch of redness resembling the flush of indigestion; and the present of a small pot of it might be taken as a delicate attention by many a young lady.—*Punch*.

CAUTION TO ODGER.—According to a statement which has been published by a contemporary, the water of the Serpentine, which, except in being partially churned up by steam-engines, is stagnant, has become nearly as foul as ever again. If this be true, possibly the Serpentine, under the influence of uncommon hot weather, will assert the fitness of its name by engendering a Python; and a pretty creature there will then be to join a monster meeting in Hyde Park! Should a Python be produced by the Serpentine, will Edie Ayrton be the Apollo to shoot it?—*Punch*.

WHICH WAS IT?—One of the most importunate juveniles who recently in the Strand asked for a penny was thus questioned by a gentleman:—"Where is your mother?" She answered, diffidently, "She is dead." "Have you no father?" "Yes, sir; but he is ill." "What ails him?" continued the questioner. "He has got a sore finger, sir." "Indeed?" "Yes, sir." "Then why don't he cut it off?" "Please, sir," responded the girl, "he ha'n't got any money to buy a knife." The gentleman gave her a shilling, we are told. Yes, but was it out of benevolence or to buy a knife?

GALLANT RESCUE BY A GUARDSMAN.—The special correspondent of the *Post* at Aldershot makes honourable mention of the uncommonly alert behaviour exhibited by a sergeant of the 3rd Dragoon Guards the other morning, as follows:—"A horse of his troop bolted with his rider, and rolled over an embankment into the canal. Without hesitation the sergeant stripped off his clothes and accoutrements, plunged in, and succeeded in bringing the refractory animal to terra firma none the worse for his involuntary bath."

"Gallant act of exceptional Yahoo! Bravo!" exclaims Houyhnhnm. A noble animal, truly, was rescued from a watery grave. So much for the horse. But what became of his rider? The non-commissioned hero of the exploit above narrated has well earned a medal. But it should be awarded by the Animals' Friend, one would think, rather than by the Humane Society.—*Punch*.

PATIENCE REWARDED.—An old clergyman used to relate the following anecdote with great glee: Once, when preparing his parishioners for the solemn ordinance of confirmation, he found amongst them one old woman so excessively ignorant and stupid that for some weeks prior to the time he was obliged to have her come to his house every day, in order to instruct and catechize her. At length he began to hope that his time, patience and zeal had not been entirely bestowed in vain, a few bright flashes of understanding having burst from the old dame's clouded intellect. The important day arrived. "Now, my good friend," said the worthy pastor, just previous to the commencement of the ceremony, "as this is the last moment in which I shall have an opportunity of conversing with you, let me ask, do you thoroughly understand and believe all the articles of your Christian faith?" "Ay, yes, sir, thank 'ee," replied his venerable pupil, with a simper, and dropping one of her best courtesies, "I does indeed, now, and, thank Heaven, I heartily renounces 'em all!"

TURNING IT ON.—It never rains but it pours. The new Metropolitan Water Act promises to bear out this saying. Its very laudable object is "to make further provision for supplying to the metropolis a constant supply of pure and wholesome water." Hooray! In order that the water companies may fulfil this requisition it gives them powers which are considerable. According to a summary of its provisions:

"The companies may require owners and occupiers to provide proper 'fittings,' which term includes communication pipes, and also all pipes, cocks, cisterns, etc., used or intended for supply of water by a company to a consumer, and for that purpose placed in or about the premises of the consumer."

The quality of the Thames, for everybody obliged to drink it, is capable of great improvement. No doubt of that. The quantity, in many cases, is insufficient, which nobody can deny. And what if there are householders who find themselves at present supplied with quite as much Thames as they have any occasion for? Suppose the new Metropolitan Water Act does prescribe indiscriminate interference with existing arrangements, what then? If it does it will only put a few ratepayers, whose light rates already include an almost imponderable water-rate, to a little unnecessary expense. True, they will be supplied with more water than they want against their will, and made to pay for it. The compensation granted for the income-tax was the

boon of cheap superfluities, which very many of those subjected to that equitable impost did not want at any price, how low soever. Who suggests that the "forced loans" of paternal governments bear a very close resemblance to this sort of thing? Not so close, perhaps, as it might be. The interest generally paid on forced loans is, at any rate, actual money, of which nobody but a fool can have more than he knows what to do with. Such is not the case with the householder who is forced to pay for superfluous water. Let him grin and bear it. Or, if he won't grin, let others grin whilst he bears it.—*Punch*.

THE TRAVELLER AND HIS FRIENDS.

A GALLIC LEGEND.

A GENTLEMAN, about to make:
A trip at sea, was begged to take
Commissions for a dozen friends:
One wants a watch; another sends
For wine—"A very special ask;
And—if it's not too much to ask—
Some choice cigars; a box will do;
Or, while you're at it, purchase two!"
Another friend would like a pair
Of boots—"They're so much cheaper there;"
A lady friend would have him buy
Some laces—"If they're not too high;"
Another wants a box of gloves;
"French kids, you know, are real loves!"
Thus one wants this, another that,
A book, a bonnet, or a hat;
Enough to make the moody man
(So high their "small commissions" ran,
In tale and bulk) repent that he
Had ever thought to cross the sea!
Moreover—he it here remarked—
Before the gentleman embarked,
His friends, for fear he might forget
Their little errands, plainly set
Their wishes down in black and white,
A sensible proceeding—quite;
But—as it happened—not a friend
(With one exception) thought to send
The ready money, and to say,
"See, here's the cash you'll have to pay!"
The man embarks; sees Paris, Rome,
And other cities; then comes home
Well pleased with much that met his eye;
But having, somehow, failed to buy
A single thing for any friend,
Except the one who thought to send
The wherewithal. Well, need I say
That soon his neighbours came to pay
Their greetings at his safe return,
And charming health; and (also) learn
About their little errands—what
For each the traveller had got?
"By Jove!" he said, "it makes me sad
To think what wretched luck I had!
For as at sea I sat one day
Arranging in a proper way
The papers you so kindly sent,
A gale arose, and off they went
Into the ocean; nor could I
Remember aught you bade me buy!"
"But," grumbled one, "if that were so,
How comes it, sir, you chanced to know
What this man's errand was? for he
Has got what he desired, we see!"
"Faith! so he has—beyond a doubt!
And this is how it came about:
His memorandum chanced to hold
A certain sum of solid gold;
And thus the paper by its weight
Escaped the others' windy fate!"

J. G. S.

GEMS.

"I WERE but little happy if I could say how much!"

GENIUS has an orbit of its own; if it moved through the orbit of common-place lives, it would not be genius, but common-place.

LIBRARIES are as the shrines where all the relics of ancient saints, full of true virtue, and without delusion or imposture, are preserved.

A MAN who has no enemies ought to have very faithful friends, and one who has no such friends ought not to think it a calamity that he has enemies to be his effectual monitors.

LAZINESS.—Above all things avoid laziness. There is plenty to do in this world for every pair of hands placed on it, and we must so work that the world will be richer because of our having lived in it.

OUR "POUND OF FLESH."—An English chemist, who has made numerous experiments, comes to the conclusion that it requires 25 pounds of milk, 100 of turnips, 50 of potatoes, 50 of carrots, 8 of oatmeal,

7½ of barley meal, or 3½ of beans to make a pound of human flesh. Beans, it would seem, furnish most nutritious matter—at least it takes less of them to make a pound of flesh. And it looks as if a man could starve in the midst of a turnip field.

STATISTICS.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.—The Colonial Blue Book of the year contains a report by Mr. Boothby, Government statist, showing the progress of South Australia in the ten years from 1860 to 1870. The imports retained for consumption increased from 1,432,201, in 1860 to 2,434,174, in 1869; the exports of produce of the colony from 1,576,326, to 2,722,438; the total combined import and export trade from 3,423,907, to 5,747,805. The trade with the United Kingdom in 1869 amounted to 2,993,896, viz., 1,630,761, imports thence and 1,363,135, exports thereto. The trade with other colonies showed a large increase in 1869. In that year 4,029 oz. of gold of the value of 15,533, the produce of South Australia, were shipped. Although there was a bad harvest in 1869, 73,325 tons of breadstuffs were exported. Four of the five harvests of 1865-69 were unfavourable, but the export of breadstuffs averaged 873,960, a year, while in the five years 1860-64 (comprising a cycle of good seasons) it averaged only 811,368. No local industry has been so permanently progressive as wool-growing. The South Australian wool shipped in 1860 was 11,731,371 lbs., of the value of 573,368; in 1869, 27,022,671 lbs., of the value of 1,008,669. In the five years 1860-64 the annual shipment of South Australian wool averaged less than 14,000,000 lbs., of the value of 664,647; in the five years 1865-69 more than 22,000,000 lbs., of the value of above a million sterling. In the ten years 1860-69 the total value of mineral produce exported amounted to above six millions sterling. In the first half of the decade the annual average was 536,060; in the last half, 689,840, notwithstanding the continued depression in the copper market. In the first five years the average quantity of fine copper exported was 81,438 cwts. a year, and of ore 6,204 tons; in the last five years, 116,669 cwts. of fine copper per annum and 13,398 tons of ore. The area of land under cultivation was 428,816 acres in 1860-61, and 550,576 acres in 1869-70; under wheat, 273,072 acres in 1860-61, and 532,135 acres in 1869-70. The number of sheep is returned as 2,824,811 in 1860-61, and 4,439,955 in 1869-70, the latter number being half a million less than in the preceding year, owing to losses from drought, the large number boiled down, and failure in the natural increase; but the number of live stock would be more accurately ascertained at the census of 1871. The population has increased from 127,000 in 1861 to 185,000 in 1871. The total exports of the colonial produce in the ten years reached little short of 24,000,000, sterling; in the first five about two millions a year, in the last five above two and a half millions a year.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The death is announced, at Palermo, of a man named Tumminello, at the age of 105 years.

A SMALL church in the City of London has just been sold, for the sake of the site, at something over 20,000.

The Commissioners for the International Exhibition of 1872 are prepared to receive new compositions of merit from musical writers for the opening ceremony.

The question relative to the statue to be placed on the Vendôme column has been definitively solved. M. Thiers has decided that Napoleon I., in his little cooked hat and gray coat, shall be replaced there.

The Society of Arts have consented to give their co-operation to the Polytechnic Exhibition, to be held at Moscow next year, in celebration of the 200th anniversary of the birth of Czar Peter the Great.

The Emperor Napoleon has planted, with his own hands, in the park at Camden House, a young shoot of weeping willow, recently brought from Longwood, St. Helena, and presented to the Prince Imperial by an English officer.

THE PROPOSED EIGHTEEN-PENNY PIECE.—A design is suggested for a new coin—an eighteen-penny piece. It is a sum which is often wanted, especially to pay a cabman who professes to be unable to give you change for two shillings; and it would be also of assistance in making a sum where an odd sixpence is required. The chief peculiarity in the suggested coin is that there is a circular opening in the middle—an idea of the late Mr. Charles Dickens; so that it could be told by the touch in the dark. Altogether, the proposed coin is an excellent idea, which we should be glad to see carried into execution.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

G. S. G.—We are afraid that there is no opening for anything of the kind just now.

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.—About two ounces of each to a gallon of water.

WILD LILY.—When the proper time arrives you should send your address.

T. A. H.—Your penmanship is unexceptionable, and suitable for any occupation.

P. S.—Your second attempt does not exhibit any promise, it contains far too many inaccuracies.

X. Y. Z.—The officials are quite correct, one fee for the search, the other for the copy of the document.

E. F.—The better plan is to order through a local agent. We have called the publisher's attention to the matter.

S. L. B.—Dolly Varden is one of the characters created by Charles Dickens; you may read all about her in his tale of "Barnaby Rudge."

A LIMEBICK LASS.—Your handwriting is very good, it needs no improvement; you should only be careful that it does not deteriorate.

BRIGHT-EYED HELEN.—Some of the words in your epistle are exceedingly well written; but taken as a whole the writing is careless.

IGNORAMUS.—You are liable for the whole of the debts and should pay them at once in order to save yourself trouble and expense.

M. M.—The lines are passionately and well written, but they must be a part of a poem. As one of many stanzas they are admirable. Where are the others?

MUSICALS 54.—1. Regularity in your meals and other habits of life. 2. Not necessarily. 3. Your weight will do if you do not omit to take proper exercise. 4. Trivial and fastidious.

T. F.—A thin varnish is first applied, then the gold leaf is superadded and made to adhere by the pressure of the hand, after which a burnisher is used, if brightness is required.

A. B.—You can see printed particulars on the subject displayed from time to time at any district post-office. Judging from your letter, we think that if you are of suitable age you have a good chance of success. Perhaps the shortest way to it is to inquire direct of the Civil Service Commissioners.

TOTAL.—As there are frequent changes just now, the best plan is to make personal inquiry at the office of the commissioners, where you could state your requirements in a more definite way. General printed statements often fall short of an applicant's wants, and when made without a knowledge of his precise position sometimes mislead.

TORQUAY.—The marriage of a lunatic not contracted during a lucid interval is absolutely void. But if there be no evidence of insanity at the very time of marriage it will be held valid, and lunacy supervening after the lapse of time is not a good reason for a dissolution of the marriage. If, therefore, you and your wife were sane upon your wedding-day, you are not at liberty to marry again, although she is confined in a lunatic asylum.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.—The fees attached to a special licence to marry are not less than fifty pounds sterling. Such licences are not easily obtained, and are only granted by the Archbishops of Canterbury or York, or by the Bishop of London. The difference of the sects named would be no impediment. The time it would take to pass your application through the office of either of the above-named dignitaries is uncertain.

F. B.—1. It could be reclaimed upon terms, if the mortgagee and his representatives have waived their rights of foreclosure, etc.; a very improbable circumstance. 2. The statute, 7 William IV. and 1 Victoria, c. 23, limits the time for any person claiming under a mortgage of land to make an entry or bring an action at law or suit in equity to recover it to twenty years from the last payment on account of principal or interest.

F. W. Y.—The newspapers who make the art in question their speciality, and of which there are three or four published, are not intended for beginners. You should first peruse some elementary work, and what that should be depends upon the precise branch of the art with which you desire to become acquainted. You must make a selection, for you cannot learn all the details connected with engineering out of one elementary book. Your second difficulty is to be overcome by great attention and practice.

MAGGIE.—1. You should seek for an introduction through the medium of a mutual friend; if this cannot

be obtained, you might be careful to allow no opportunity to pass at which you might be able to exchange a few words upon indifferent subjects, and if fate denies you even this, you must choose between a protracted pining, a change of scene, or some fresh object of interest that you think you like very well. 2. The name Kate may be considered as an emblem of purity. Minnie is perhaps synonymous with "my little darling."

SADOT POLLY.—1. The name Benjamin is derived from the Hebrew, and signifies the son of a right hand. We never heard of any feminine termination of the word; if such exists we suppose it must mean "a better half." Charley, from the German, means noble minded; Frederick, abundant peace. Samuel is from the Hebrew, and is interpreted—heard of God. There is a sting of bitterness implied in the name of Maria, etymologically considered, and Julia perhaps means a leader of women, either in the paths of gaiety, fashion, or more exalted pursuits. 2. The hair seems to be of a luxuriant brown colour.

A THREE YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.—1 and 2 A truss will not obviate the defect of which you complain. You must first remove the cause of the complaint, then lie upon the floor or a reclining-board for a stated number of hours daily, having previously had your shoulders engaged in a species of iron stays made under the advice of a surgeon. 3. No. It may adorn but cannot preserve. The cause of decay is dependent upon the general state of the health. 4. Outdoor exercise, tonic medicine, and nourishing food. 5. Amongst so many heroes both of ancient and modern times, few persons, if any, would undertake to decide who was the greatest. At all events such a point could not be dogmatically stated; even an attempt to answer your question would involve some labour, and it would have to be undertaken with some saving exception to the positiveness of your interrogation. For as it has been written that "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen," so has it also been recorded that "The world knows nothing of its greatest men." 6. No. It is surpassed by a few at all events.

WHY?

Why cheat your neighbour?

It is unfruitful labour,

And it never will pay;

For the gain it will bring you

Will goad you and sting you

To your uttermost day!

By night it will find you,

And chain you and bind you,

A prisoner distrest;

And it will not unfold you

When day dawns, but hold you

The slave of unrest!

Why wrong your brother?

Why injure another

Who is seeking the goal?

While you madly pursue him

The wrong that you do him

Will injure your soul.

You may prosper, or seem to;

You may hopefully dream, too,

Of treasures in store;

But by your soul's meanness

Shall be measured its leanness

When you reach Heaven's door!

M. A. K.

E. T. H., seventeen, medium height, fair complexion, loving, and good tempered. Respondent must be about twenty-one; a mechanic preferred.

BLANCHE, seventeen, pretty, dark eyes and hair, amiable, and musical. Respondent must be fair, nice looking, possess a good temper, and about twenty-one.

LILLY, twenty-one, medium height, very fair, and nice looking. Respondent must be tall, dark, loving, and fond of home.

W. P., nineteen, 5ft 7in., very fair, curly hair, very expressive eyes, a good voice, and fond of music. Respondent must have a true, loving heart.

CLARICE, nineteen, tall, fair, dignified, and with a good disposition. Respondent must be tall, dark, handsome, not over thirty-five, and with a recognized position.

OMEGA, twenty-two, tall, robust, accomplished, handsome, a musical amateur, and has just started on his own account in a thriving business. Respondent must be well educated, handsome, and fond of music.

LOVELY LIZ, thirty-six, 5ft 5in., brown hair, light eyes, ladylike, domesticated, loving, and fond of home. Respondent must be loving, kind, and a boatswain in the Navy or merchant service.

ANNIE, seventeen, tall, fair complexion, abundant auburn hair, domesticated, and fond of home. Respondent must be tall, stout, from thirty to forty years of age, and have a good income.

STATSAIL, twenty-two, 5ft. 4in., fair complexion, is in the Navy, and thinks he would make a good husband. Respondent must be about twenty-one, and love a sailor from the bottom of her heart.

LOVELY LIZIE, thirty, medium height, acting as housekeeper, fair complexion, affectionate, fond of home, and is desirous of corresponding with a gentleman in search of a thoroughly domestic wife.

PENEY, nineteen, 5ft. 10in., dark eyes, hair, and complexion. Respondent must be dark, handsome, of a respectable family, and accomplished; a resident of Liverpool or its neighbourhood preferred.

GENEVIEVE, eighteen, medium height, golden curly hair, hazel eyes, musical, domesticated, and wishes to marry a tall, dark gentleman, who must be handsome, musical, fond of home, and have a good income. She will have a thousand on her wedding-day.

MILlicent and OLIA.—"Millicent," twenty, 5ft. 2in., dark, loving, domesticated, and a tradesman's daughter. Respondent must be tall, of gentlemanly appearance and manners; an engineer preferred, about twenty-four or twenty-five. "Olia," twenty-one, 5ft., pretty, loving,

domesticated, merry, and a tradesman's daughter. Respondent must be tall, dark, of gentlemanly manners, about twenty-four or twenty-five, steady, and fond of home.

LILLIAN, twenty-two, rather tall, fair, domesticated, accustomed to business, and has a strong desire to go to America or Australia. Respondent must be tall, manly, and not younger than twenty-five; a tradesman or farmer preferred, with perseverance enough to try his fortune in a new country.

ROLAND, thirty-five, tall, dark, cheerful, and the son of a tradesman. Wishes to marry, but, being in receipt of moderate salary, would like his wife to have a small income or a little money to start in business. "Roland" is a widower, with one child, a girl seven years old, and fond of home.

BUTTERCUP and DAISY.—"Buttercup," nineteen, dark hair and eyes, and fair complexion. "Daisy," twenty, one, light brown hair, and hazel eyes. Both are good looking, nicely educated, domesticated, and loving. Respondents should be friends, a few years older than the advertisers, gentlemanly, and in a fair position.

TWO MESSENGERS wish to marry two pretty girls, not above their respective ages; sisters preferred. "J. S. G.," eighteen, 5ft. 5in., fair complexion, dark hair, hazel eyes, good looking, and in a good position. "H. W. B.," seventeen, 5ft. 5in., fair complexion, dark hair, hazel eyes, and in a good position. Both good tempered, and fairly educated.

BENEDICTA and ADINE, sisters. "Benedicta," twenty, short, curly hair inclined to redness, deep gray eyes, good tempered, and well educated. "Adine," twenty-one, tall, fair, blue eyes, domesticated, and accomplished. "Adine" would prefer a dark gentleman, with curly hair. "Benedicta" prefers a fair gentleman, with yellow curly hair and no whiskers. Both respondents to be well educated, and possessed of an income not under one hundred a year.

COMMUNICATIONS RECEIVED:

BENJAMIN is responded to by—"Hetty," who would like to exchange cards.

J. J. by—"E. G.," thirty-six, and a widow with two children.

GALLANT TOM by—"Charlotte," twenty-one, 5ft. 4in., dark hazel eyes, and fond of a sailor and children.

ALICE by—"L. S. G.," steady, good looking, fond of home and children, and in a good position.

AUGUSTUS H. by—"Blanche," tall, fair, handsome, and domesticated.

EDITH by—"C. H.," nineteen, 5ft. 9in., dark eyes, hair, and complexion, handsome, of good family, and willing to give love for love.

A. W. A. by—"Martha," twenty-six, medium height, fair hair, blue eyes, a milliner, with a sufficient amount of education, of the Wesleyan profession, and has no objection to go to Canada.

A. B. C. by—"L. M. B.," nineteen, tall, dark hair and eyes, fair complexion, affectionate disposition, and would receive love for love; and—"Bright-eyed Helen," twenty, tall, a brisk brunette, and in a respectable position.

WILD WILL by—"Annie," twenty-one, 5ft., fair, blue eyes, can wash a shirt, and is very fond of children;—"Maggie," nineteen, medium height, brown hair, light blue eyes, good, affectionate, can wash a shirt, and keep a home tidy and comfortable; and—"M. A. S.," twenty-three, 5ft. 5in., fair complexion, dark hair and eyes, and domesticated.

J. J. by—"Minnie," thirty-two, a widow, who would make him a careful wife, and be a loving mother to his children. "Minnie" is of good business habits;—"Mrs. O.," thirty-nine, a widow, with a little money and without children. "Mrs. O." writes to say that she is industrious, and would like to know in what description of business "J. J." is engaged;—"Loving Jenny," thirty-two, 5ft. 5in., a widow with two children, a nice home, a small income, and further expectations. "Loving Jenny" is fair, a good figure, and would make a good tradesman's wife, as she likes shopkeeping; she is also cheerful, affectionate, a good, economical housekeeper, and can cook, bake, and make her husband a comfortable home;—"Meta," thirty-seven, tall, a widow, brown hair, good complexion, ladylike, affectionate, industrious, and domesticated. "Meta" has three sons, the youngest being twelve years of age; and—"S. G. W.," twenty-six, petite, 5ft. 2in., a pleasant, agreeable companion, and a widow without children, a very fair housekeeper, but likes business best, is accustomed to the public trade, and could manage either an hotel, vaults, or restaurant. DANCY wishes to hear from "Minnie."

F. B. would like to receive further particulars from "A. Daehler," and also his cards.

IF "G. C. E." is really in earnest "Maude Blanche" would like to hear more of him, and to receive his cards.

BRITISH FLAG, in answer to "Royal Blue," is willing to exchange cards.

FREDERICO would like to receive the carte de visite of "Alice."

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